JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 14, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1526.

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JOHN BULL

She thought her tennis frock was white..

Ordinary washing and Persil washing—what a difference! But, of course, ordinary soapsuds can't hope to wash as well as Persil. For the secret of utter cleanness and whiteness is Persil's unique soap-and-oxygen action. The tiny Persil oxygen bubbles push right into the weave of the fabric. They gently remove the rubbed-in dirt that ordinary soapsuds cannot reach. That's the simple reason why Persil users have whiter, brighter things than other people. Are *you* a Persil user ?

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

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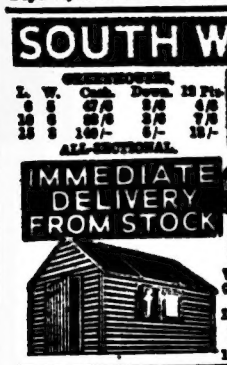

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This Illness Bracelet FREE.

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Proclaimed by connoisseurs of the Swiss Watch Industry. Study in detail the reproductions of our Prize-Winning "Airlo" Dress Watch. An Artistic piece of intricate master-craftsmanship. Beautifully gold-plated with special surface to prevent scratching. Ingeniously constructed to a fine thinness in accordance with practicability to complete the perfect watch. Fitted with accurately adjusted Super Aircraft lever movement. Timed to a minute a month. Fitted with a conical pivot, this watch will not only withstand shock and vibration, but can be dropped without any serious consequences. Also, recoil click-spring prevents over-winding. A written certificate for 15 years issued with each watch. Simply send 6d. and 6d. for registration and post (1/- in all) and we will dispatch this watch for your approval, balance 1/6 within 7 days and 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash price 23/6. The handsome illustrated dress chain, stainless platinoid links at 5/6 can be added to account without extra deposit.

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Modern Short Length or usual Long Clothes. 75 MAGNIFICENT GARMENTS (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk-Sets, Turk. Napkins, etc., etc.

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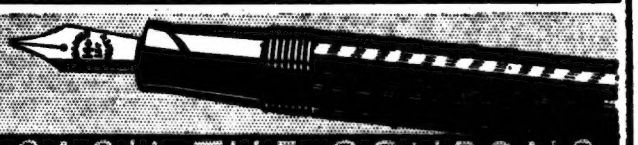

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This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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24 ft. x 8 ft. x 6 ft. Weatherboard, £8.8.0, 4/6 down. Asbestos, £7.5.0, 7/6 down. Other sizes from £4.15.0, 3/6 d'wn

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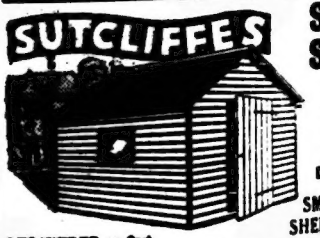

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Be the first to possess the most exclusive watch of the Exhibition —Streamline in style and design, with an elegant mesh milanese gold-plated bracelet. Built with bevelled bezel, shaped to fit flat and snugly, hardly rising above flesh of wrist. Fitted with new improved built-in lugs eliminating danger of losing watch. Dial of silver metal with oxidised silver mirror finished centre. Sunken seconds hand dial making it impossible for other hands to catch. Highest grade Aircraft shock and vibration proof movement, a real jewelled lever time-keeper. Impossible to overwind. Timed to a minute a month. 15 years' written guarantee. Sent on receipt of 2/- deposit, balance 2/6 or more fortnightly until 57/6 is paid in all. Cash within 7 days, 55/-. Lady's model, size of sixpenny piece with dainty milanese bracelet same price and terms. Send now and be the proud possessor of an ultra modern watch. List of Diamond Rings on terms free.

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From **1/3** WEEKLY

£8/8/- MODEL FOR 48/6.

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USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. Piano-finished cabinet, steel reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Send 3/- only first instalment. Balance payable 5/- monthly until 52/- is paid; or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass; etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

The remarkably Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments. Write for fully illustrated brochure of Piano Accordions post free.

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We will send you this Genuine Lever Movement Finest Chromium Tonneau Shape Wristlet Watch, on Chromium Mesh expanding Band, latest type Sports unbreakable model, wonder time-keeper, with 10 years' guarantee, for 2/6 down, and your promise to pay 1/- weekly until 17/6 has been paid. This dependable watch is of Swiss make, non-magnetic, and complete in Case. Or, if you send full cash within 7 days after receipt of Watch, we will give you FREE a very nice Pocket Wallet, in lovely soft leather, well made, with 3 divisions, size 6 in. by 3½ in. We also guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not perfectly satisfied.

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ROLL COLLAR SWEATERS

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PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES.

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars. By Lemaire, Paris. 6x Magnification. Wide View Screw and Eye-piece. Focus Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory. Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

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Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Cards Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, Beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, Dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A Masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

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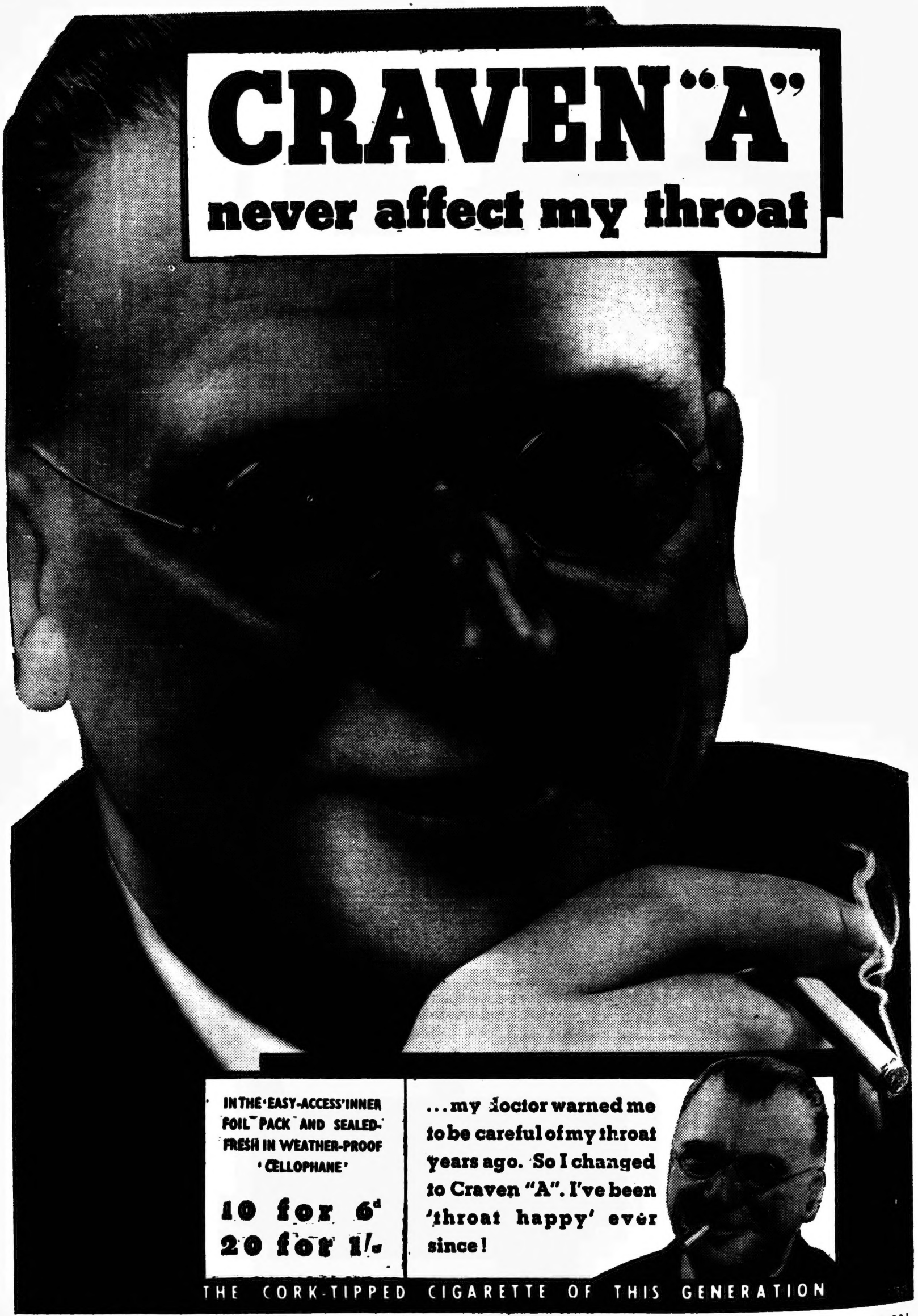
CRAVEN "A"
never affect my throat



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10 for 6d
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...my doctor warned me to be careful of my throat years ago. So I changed to Craven "A". I've been 'throat happy' ever since!

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TRADE is showing definite signs of recovery—so we are told. But the great thing is to keep the invalid from slipping back; in other words, to take full advantage of the signs of returning prosperity.

And everybody seems to have ideas about how this desirable object can be obtained. Some border on the fantastic, such as the suggestion of giving everybody £5 a month to spend, evidently prompted by recent events in Alberta.

Other suggestions, such as the proposal at a recent conference of shopkeepers that sales staffs could help by learning more about "customer-psychology," have at least none of the dangers of doubtful experiment.

Now it is good to know that people are talking along these lines. It shows that there exists the requisite touch of keenness necessary to restore national prosperity.

☆ ★ ☆

There is undoubtedly more money about, as the Board of Trade returns, the falling unemployment figures and other signs well show. The point is how to induce people to spend it, for it is of very little use to the nation as a whole unless the money keeps on going round. Frozen gold can exist in individuals' pockets just as it can in the vaults of the big banks.

Well, to the solution of this aspect of the trade problem, JOHN BULL has an important contribution to make.

Our answer is: **Brighter Shopping.**

But we are not intending to contribute just two words to the problem and leave it at that. We are going to help bring about that Brighter Shopping by an offer of substantial prizes to shopkeepers and customers alike.

With those awards as an incentive we hope to see Britain's thousands of miles of shop windows turned into a nation-wide exhibition for the furtherance and encouragement of trade.

Our plan, in short, is to inaugurate a great National Window Display Contest, since it is obvious that people are not going to buy from their augmented incomes what is not brought to their notice.

In the knowledge that Brighter Shop Windows mean Bigger Sales, and that Bigger Sales are the key to a more Prosperous Britain, we take pleasure in announcing that we shall present to the winning shopkeeper, as first prize, the biggest sum ever offered in connection with a window display of £1,000, and a gold medal as well. In addition, more than a thousand other valuable awards will be made in this competition, which, as we will show in detail later, offers an equal opportunity to every shopkeeper in the country, large and small alike.

There's Better Trade in the Window—and many JOHN BULL *prizes, too!*

And because we know that the multitudes of shoppers attracted to these Brighter Windows will be eager to participate, we shall shortly announce valuable prizes for slogans suggested to their minds by these Brighter Windows.

Now it is no hitherto untried experiment—this campaign in which we are seeking the co-operation of shopkeepers and customers alike.

Sixteen years have passed since we inaugurated the first national shop-window display contest ever held, and the benefits both to trade as a whole and to their own business are still remembered by countless shopkeepers up and down the country.

Our second competition of this kind, held in 1927, was an even bigger success.

On both occasions we found that *an ounce of action was worth a ton of talk in giving a much-needed fillip to British trade.*

☆ ★ ☆

This year, because the needs are greater for our shopkeepers, and not only for our shopkeepers but the vast industries that keep them supplied, we are making it the biggest campaign of its kind ever undertaken.

Of restrictions there are none—of conditions, few.

The contest is open throughout October, November and December.

All that shopkeepers have to do is to make windows displays of any articles advertised in JOHN BULL during those three months. Each display is to be for one article and for a period of one week.

There should be no difficulty in making an excellent choice, seeing that the advertisement columns of JOHN BULL are a national shop window in themselves.

Attractive display labels which we will supply free—there is no fee of any sort connected with this campaign—will enable customers in every city, town and village throughout the Land to recognise a JOHN BULL "Brighter Shopping" window when they see one.

What prizes shoppers can win, and how they can qualify for them, they will be told in any of the shops participating.

There is one assurance that our readers would probably take for granted even if we made no mention of it—there will be no penalising of the Little Man.

☆ ★ ☆

Though he hasn't a giant window, he will stand just as big a chance with a small window. It might well prove even that a part of a window will win first prize.

Whether he is in a main street or a side-street doesn't matter a bit. All we want to see is the photograph of his display.

And, last assurance of all, the man in the small shop need not think he will be handicapped because he can't afford a costly scheme of display. It is the Bright Idea that will win. Quality not quantity.

That, then, in brief is our scheme to win Better Trade with Brighter Windows.

To all shopkeepers who want, with its aid, to stimulate their own trade and that of the nation, we say: *Turn to the free entry form at the top of page* 35.

It *must* bring you better business. It may bring you big prize money in addition.

Our millions of readers who are not themselves shopkeepers can co-operate materially with JOHN BULL in giving the trade of the nation an extra fillip.

When they go to do their shopping, let them call the attention of the shopkeeper to JOHN BULL'S "Brighter Shopping" movement, provided he has not already "joined up."

"Brighter Shopping" is good for the customer as well as for the shopkeeper. It will be, in fact, an all-round trade tonic.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Bravest Boy in Britain gets his Reward

New Panel Economy Drive

More Impure Food Tricks

THE Bravest Boy in Britain is now the happiest.

David Woosnam's unparalleled sacrifices are at last being rewarded.

Our readers will probably remember the outline of the story we unfolded nearly two years ago—the story of how this unemployed youth of Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan, was submitting to a series of skin-grafting operations to save the life of his burned sister.

"If she lives it will be a modern miracle," said the doctors. That miracle has happened; brother and sister are now re-united.

David Woosnam with the sister he saved by his epic bravery

One hope

The sister, Mrs. Doris Owen, was bathing her baby before the fire when she sustained terrible burns. Surgeons at Cardiff Royal Infirmary declared that her only chance of recovery lay in extensive skin grafting, and at once David volunteered to undergo the necessary operations.

Medical men warned him of the danger, friends tried to deter him from the pain. "She would do it for me," he said, and submitted time after time to the surgeon's knife.

Sacrifice

Lying on the operating table, he would bite his lips until they bled in his conscious agony, while skin was removed from his back and grafted on to his sister's injuries. Then he would cycle the twenty-eight miles back home.

When his wounds had healed he would once more set out for the hospital, though at each operation his heart might have stopped.

Her first walk

But, as we have said, his sacrifices have not been in vain. His sister is once more at home.

The other day, taking her first walk for three years, she went to Calvary Church to give thanks for the strength that sustained her brother.

Doctors assert that she is the only person in the country to have three-parts of the body burned and to survive. Mrs. Owen says simply, "David's courage brought me back from the edge of the grave."

Good luck!

We know our readers will join us in congratulating Mrs. Owen on her recovery, the surgeons for their great skill, and David Woosnam for his superb bravery.

And we send that happy brother and sister our best wishes for the future.

Olive branch

Will Mr. Baldwin accept the excellent offer of Mr. Ernest Bevin? Is he prepared to spend £20,000,000 on the Depressed Areas and so secure the full co-operation of the T.U.C.?

It seems doubtful. For Mr. Neville Chamberlain is still all powerful as the tight-fisted guardian of the nation's purse

Money for others

It was easy to raise money to build the Zambesi Bridge, as Mr. Eevin says, but we can't raise a loan to open up Wales by putting a bridge across the Severn

No, Mr. Chamberlain's hands are still firmly clenched round the money-bags when we plead for cash to start the public works this country needs. Only his mouth opens—to assure us that "80 per cent. prosperity" has returned.

Even if this figure is correct, he could increase it by lifting the depression from the distressed areas. Let us hope the thoughts of the coming General Election will force him to unlock his fingers!

Panel parsimony

Sir Kingsley Wood is also drawing the purse-strings tighter. He wants panel doctors to reduce, wherever possible, the number of bottles of medicine prescribed.

But, on average, each panel patient gets only four and a half prescriptions a year. The cost of making up each prescription is under 4d.

That hardly looks like extravagance. And Sir Kingsley might remember that panel patients help to pay for the medical service they receive.

Dud medicines

He might also see that they get what is prescribed for them.

Of the samples taken by inspectors for testing, 5 per cent. are not up to standard. That may not sound very much, but it suggests that three million bottles of medicine a year are not what the doctors ordered.

More food swindling

Then there is the disclosure that over 5 per cent. of food samples examined in the last year were condemned. Some milk specimens were found to be deficient in fat. Mothers who thought they were safe in feeding their children on them were actually under-nourishing them.

One sample of milk contained a large quantity of paraffin!

Interference we want

There were eel worms and copper in vinegar, carbolic disinfectant in whisky, sand in pepper. Coal fish and cod were sold as hake, washing soda was present in ground almonds, arsenic in pears.

People who think there are too many inspectors interfering with trade should remember cases like this.

Pence versus pain

And still the hospital scandals go on. A Llandough woman who was badly scalded and suffering agonies was refused admission to the local hospital. It was a public health institution and apparently the unfortunate woman was not poor enough to be admitted.

Should suffering be judged by the financial circumstances of its victims?

Maddest ever

But the strangest institution in the country is surely the City Hospital, St. Andrews, which is closed for a whole month every year while the matron is on holiday.

That prompts another question: Is a matron's holiday of greater importance than the relief of suffering?

Deadly dieting

The latest tilt at feminine fashion comes from Mr. C. M. Kohan, of the New Health Society. He rebukes those girls who start to slim in order to score off their friends and are unable to stop.

Silly folk who live beyond their means in order to vie with their neighbours are said to be "keeping up with the Jones." Still sillier are those who recklessly try to "keep down with the Joans."

Where's the sense of becoming a skeleton in the effort to become a sylph?

Sharing the blame

On the other hand, Sir Richard Gregory chastises all of us. "If the world isn't any happier by what science has given it, then the fault is with the human race and not with science," he asserts.

Not so fast, Sir Richard! If we are to blame for misusing scientific inventions, so are scientists for prostituting their minds by devising new poison gases, flame throwers and other modern monstrosities of modern warfare.

Not that there is any need to despair. Humanity has triumphed over the difficulties of every age, and it will survive the present obstacles to a happier existence.

Step by step

There is even a gleam of hope in the fact that municipal libraries are now reaching nearly twice as many people as ten years ago and more than twice as many books are issued.

The patronage of radio and the kinema has also enormously increased—which means that the public is not only better entertained but better informed.

And education is one of the greatest aids towards a more rational world.

Leaving the towns

Worthy of note, also, is the closing of Messrs. Fry's twelve huge factories in Bristol and the completion of their new works at Somerdale, a beautiful site on the banks of the Avon.

The day will come when most factories will be equally well planned, set in healthy surroundings, and their workers housed in pleasant homes free from the grime of great cities.

The Fragrant Minute.

PLEA FOR THE DEAF

THE blind man feels your kindly lead, the blind man hears your friendly voice. You help him gladly in his need, and make his grateful heart rejoice. We'd never laugh (of course we couldn't) at blindness and its sorry plight - we'd never laugh (of course we wouldn't) at anyone deprived of sight.

The deaf should claim our sympathy, yes, just as much as do the blind. We should, I think, more patient be, more understanding and more kind. The deaf can read our lips, you know, if we but give a little aid, by speaking carefully and slow, so that each lip-formed word's well made.

But we so often disregard the feelings of the Hard-of-Hearing. Forget their lot is very hard. We're callous sometimes, I am fearing. Remember this – it is worth while— just as the blind like words of cheer, the deaf enjoy a friendly smile, for love is the only speech they hear.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers Address letters to her c/o The Editor JOHN BULL.

Denied shelter

Two more Scotsmen are haled before the courts because they have been forced to take their families into empty houses without the owners' consent.

One man at Comrie, Fife, had been evicted with his family of six from his former house, not for owing rent, but because his landlord wanted it.

Unfortunately, his plight is typical of many.

Must decent citizens be driven into the workhouse owing to the authorities' failure to build houses?

His downfall

Much has appeared in the Press concerning the downfall of Richard Gerald Willoughby, who has been sent to jail for three months and fined £5 for wearing major's uniform and medals to which he was not entitled.

The newspapers have told how he posed not only as a military officer, but as a doctor and clergyman.

They might have added that he has frequently been exposed in these columns, the last time being in January of this year, when he was posing alternately as a surgeon-commander of the R.N.R. and as "Lt.-Col. R. B. Martin."

On our black list

Also in trouble is Paul Lukas, the swindling dance band leader we recently exposed and who has no connection with the famous film actor of the same name. Describing him as "a dangerous member of society," the West London magistrate has sent him to jail for four months.

We also note that a Torquay councillor has referred to the "international beauty contest" held in that town as a "frame-up."

It was JOHN BULL which first told Torquay that it was so.

Football outcasts

Because they cannot pay the full charge for admission to League football matches, hundreds of thousands of workless men are now the unwanted supporters of the game.

Swindon's workless want the T.U.C. to approach the F.A., the suggestion being that they should pay an entrance fee of only sixpence.

And we sincerely hope the F.A., a great sports body, will be sporting enough to agree.

Bumble at work

Bumbledon dies hard even though the pen of Charles Dickens ceased to flow sixty-five years ago.

A Salford married couple, living apart, are both receiving relief. The public assistance committee has insisted on the wife applying to the police court for an order against her husband "to ascertain how much they should allow her."

"Haven't they any common-sense?" asked the stipendiary. Obviously neither sense nor charity!

Who wants £25 a month?

Alberta is discussing a £5 Monthly Pension for all—but who is going to pay it?

More important to you is the Life Pension of over £24 Monthly which JOHN BULL will pay, with £1,000 Cash and £1,000 fully paid Life Policy, to the entrant of the best *Bullet* in our 1,000-Word Contest.

Turn to pages 38 and 39.

Wanted, a table

When members of the jury were required to sign a document at a Camberwell inquest, they were told by the coroner's officer that they would have to kneel on the floor and use a bench as a table.

Have the offices been raided by the bailiffs? Or is the Coroner's Law too poor to afford a table?

The 'Conscience' is VERY MUCH ALIVE!

by

Dr. Sidney Berry

(Moderator of the Federal Council of the Free Churches of England)

(In an interview with "John Bull")

THE "Nonconformist Conscience" is certainly not dead, as JOHN BULL suggested in a recent article—it is not even sleeping. It is very much alive, active and strong, prompting those who possess it to much excellent work.

Of course, it was a pity that use was made of that rather outworn catchword, "Nonconformist Conscience." It was coined many years ago by people who did not understand the Free Churches, and who were, perhaps, a little uneasy that the moral fervour of men like Dr. Clifford would sweep away the abuses from which they profited.

The Free Churches accepted the jibe with smiling indifference and adopted the phrase as their own. Others might sneer at the "Nonconformist Conscience." We were glad to possess it, because it was certainly the most powerful force for good in Britain during the generation before the war.

Now it seems a very moth-eaten phrase, so out of date that I am a little amused that people should still make use of it.

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So far as I understand it, JOHN BULL was disturbed because the Free Churches have organised no great national campaign against Italy's aggression and Mussolini's obvious warlike intentions towards Abyssinia. From this it was argued that Nonconformity lacked leadership, that Free Churchmen were sheep without a shepherd—in fact, that the poor old "Nonconformist Conscience" had ceased to operate.

None of these charges is true.

The Free Churches have organised no hysterical campaign against Italy, because up to the present they feel that the Government is handling the crisis exactly as they would wish it to be handled. A campaign of mass meetings, resolutions and denunciations could only infuse more prejudice and passion into a complicated issue which, surely above all things, requires clear, cool logic and a calm examination of every possible pacific solution.

The Prime Minister and the Government know very well that the Free Churches are absolutely solidly behind them in all they do to uphold Britain's solemn pledges under the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The Churches are in close touch with the Government. During the last ten years, since Mr. MacDonald's first Administration of 1924, the contact between Nonconformity and the Cabinet has been closer than ever it has been—closer even than it was in the great days of Liberal ascendancy before the war.

So the Government is perfectly aware that the Free Churches are in full support of its present Abyssinian policy. In fact, I think I may say that we Nonconformists form the hard core of the League of Nations Union in this country. Individual churches in thousands are directly affiliated to the Union; and a great part of the enthusiastic voluntary work which was necessary to organise the Union's magnificently successful Peace Ballot was carried out by Nonconformists.

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I speak personally, but I should say that our attitude to the Abyssinian affair was crystallised by the Archbishop of York in his recent broadcast when he said:

"What must not be left in any doubt—and by the Government's declaration is not left in doubt—is our purpose to operate the machinery of the League if our neighbours will join us in doing so. If this involves the use of armed forces, we ought to be prepared to use them. There is nothing un-Christian in that. It is only the way of carrying out the Christian duty of using law, with its sanctions, for the securing of justice. "But what if our neighbours cannot see their way to join us in any effective action? Then we must recognise two things: first, that we are not bound to do by ourselves what we invite the League to call on us and all other nations to do in its name; secondly, that it would be positively wrong to do so."

I accept that policy. I believe millions of my fellow-Free Churchmen share my belief in it.

It is quite wrong to suggest that the Free Churches are "doing nothing" about the crisis. From almost every Nonconformist pulpit in the land the duty of Britain to uphold the League has been emphasised. Our prayers, said in fellowship each Sunday and privately each day, ask that God's guidance may direct the Cabinet, and all foreign statesmen, on whom rest the responsibilities of negotiation during these critical days, into the ways of peace.

In my capacity as Moderator of the Federation of Evangelical Free Churches I have issued a call to prayer signed jointly with the Archbishop of Canterbury. In consequence, Sunday, September 1, was observed throughout all the churches of Britain as a special day of intercession and quiet thought.

Surely such sober support for the League, such prayer and clear thinking on civilisation's present difficulties are better than the hysteria of mass meetings and rhetoric.

Young people, especially, are not interested in the display of mass emotion. They prefer that the full facts of a case should be placed before them, and that they should be allowed to form their own opinion by quiet reflection, and, I hope, by prayer.

This tendency is especially noticeable among young Free Church people. I notice it wherever I go, and my duties see to it that I meet a great number of our congregations. The quality and sincerity of our young people, indeed, fill me with hope. They are as real and genuine as you could wish—quiet, intelligent, full of earnestness for social work and improvement.

Their attitude, which is shared by a very large proportion of their elders, cannot be understood by the writer of the attack on Nonconformity in JOHN BULL when he lamented the lack of spectacular displays by the "Nonconformist Conscience" at the present time.

More and more emphasis, to-day, is laid by the Churches on social questions. Our conscience grows ever more deeply concerned with the contrast between the evils of unemployment and poverty existing side by side with great and irresponsible wealth. Ministers and congregations alike think deeply of this contrast. They think, too, of the slums, of overcrowding, of sweated labour, of underfed children, of rising maternal mortality, and they are convinced that these evils are not the will of God.

In their various ways Free Churchmen are trying to find a solution for these evils. Some support the National Government idea, feeling that only by strong union of all forces can we hope to tackle our many problems. Others are staunch Labour folk. Many look for a new awakening of the nation as a result of Mr. Lloyd George's Peace and Reconstruction campaign, the "Call to Action" for which I myself signed in a purely private and personal capacity.

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This very diversity of view and action may perhaps cause superficial observers to deduce that our churches have wearied of well-doing. Before the war Nonconformity knew only one channel of political expression—the Liberal Party. To-day, since that great party has disintegrated, our people are working through many channels. The spectacular solidarity no longer is manifest. But the good work is far greater in volume and power than ever it has been.

I do not lament this diversity of action. No one political party can ever possess a monopoly of wisdom or truth. Progress comes first from one impulse, then from another. It is good that each great party in the State should contain a strong leaven of Free Churchmen working actively within it.

There is another reason, too, why Nonconformity, as a force in Britain, does not function so much in the public eye as it did before the war.

It would be wrong to pass over the fact that we are weaker in numbers than we were. The figures are unanswerable. The quality of our people, as I have said, was never so high. But our congregations are certainly smaller.

The worst slackers, who stay away from church, I find among middle-aged people. The young people are less indifferent, and I detect a small but very significant increase in their numbers. But the middle-aged are often very slack. It is not that they have ceased to believe in the Church. In their hour of need and trouble they return. But normally they just don't care. They are making Sunday merely a day of recreation, forgetting to put first things first.

What is the future of the Churches? He would be a very rash man who would prophesy. The world is so racked by troubles and problems that I feel as though civilisation almost lives from year to year.

But I believe that Nonconformity expresses a vital and necessary part of the British character and genius. So, perhaps optimistically, I sometimes allow myself to look forward to the day when all our people shall be gathered in one United Free Church of England and Wales.

Feud of the Sleepy Hollow

SEVEN German tourists motored a few days ago into the West Riding of Yorkshire. They had been revelling in the russet and purple of the mountains and moors of the Highlands, and after passing the tranquil grandeur of the Lakeland, had come to Chapel-le-Dale, in the Riding, to view one of the most marvellous stretches of unspoiled scenery in all England.

In this area, the Land of Waterfalls and Caves, there are, perhaps, more natural wonders than anywhere else in Britain. These things ceased to have interest for the foreign tourists when they came to Chapel-le-Dale.

They brought their car to a standstill and descended when they saw a company of men and women assembled in a field of the valley between the mountains of Ingleborough and Whernside, the lofty crowns of which were becoming blue and faint at the recess of day.

Incredulous

The people in the fields were clustered around an open square where someone mounted on a chair was addressing them. Now and then they burst into applause, and always the remarks of the speaker were being punctuated by cries of assent and indignation which echoed along the glen.

"What is it?" asked one of the Germans.

"A meeting of the inhabitants to protest against the dismissal of a schoolmistress," he was told.

"To whom will they protest?"

"To the Archbishop, the Bishop, Members of Parliament and the Government," replied the informant.

"*To the Government?*" asked a German woman in tones of incredulous astonishment.

"Most certainly. Why not?"

The seven Germans looked at each other with expressions that needed no words of interpretation. The thoughts of all of them had flown to their own country.

"This is marvellous," said the woman who had spoken before.

"A protest meeting of a community would not be allowed to be held in Germany to-day, even in the calm countryside. The soldiers or the police would be sent out and the gathering dispersed at the point of the bayonet when the names and addresses of those present had been taken. Those responsible for the demonstration would be arrested, put in chains, and the next day sent into captivity without trial and without even the chance of saying farewell to their families."

"Surely not for such a trivial thing as protesting against the dismissal of a schoolmistress," suggested the dalesman who had been enlightening the tourists.

"Yes, even against the dismissal of a dustman," explained another member of the German party, "It is unlawful for any individual or body of individuals to protest against any decision of the authorities. A meeting such as this would be a revolutionary and seditious assembly. The leaders would be guilty of treason against the State."

The Germans did not understand the reasons for the protest. They were not interested in the merits of the dispute. They were fascinated by an exhibition of civil liberty and a vignette of English life which portrayed to them a land where the people can still openly and mutually condemn Authority when they have reason to believe that Authority has imposed an injustice upon one of their neighbours.

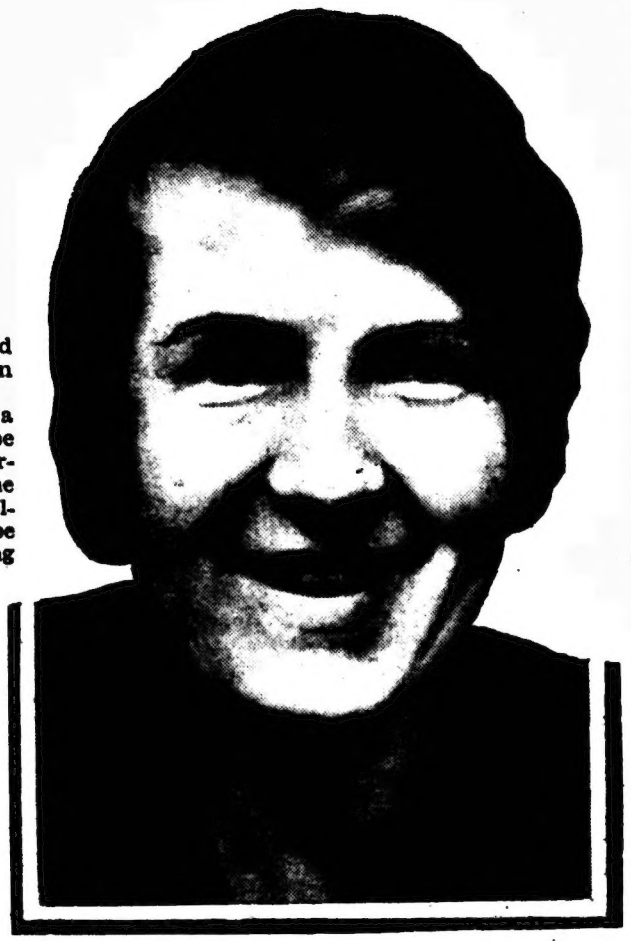
Still more did these Germans wonder when they learned that the men and women of the dales had tramped miles to attend the meeting at the mountain foot.

Many had come from the cold, lone regions of the heights and the isolated stone houses of the fells, where weeks pass without visitors being seen and where the outer world is bounded by awesome rifts in the earth, gigantic chasms, whirling and gruesome pools and foaming cataracts. Others had come two leagues on foot from the fields and farms when the day's work was over, along the fairy-like lawns of the glens, across the flower-decked meadows, past the astonishing caves of purest white crystal and fantastic sculpture that are palaces and cathedrals of subterranean splendour.

Their meeting over, the dalesmen and their womenfolk set out in the gloaming to trudge back to their lonely and distant homes, content to make the weary journeys because they had done the best they could for their parish schoolmistress by addressing a petition on her behalf to the Prime Minister. They had demanded that she should be reinstated.

Mrs. Ada Burrows, the head mistress of Chapel-le-Dale, has been ordered to quit her post and the school-house, without any reason being given to her, in consequence of a secret report upon the educational standard of her school.

VICAR v.



Mrs. Burrows, a matronly looking woman, would be thought to be the ideal person to be in charge of a country school

No pension

She is a woman in the middle fifties, had just attained maximum salary when served with notice of dismissal, and, with two or more years' service, would have retired with a pension. Now, by the circumstances in which she has been ejected, she must regard her professional career as at an end, and worse still, she has no claim even to part pension.

When she was younger, Mrs. Burrows, who had passed with honours from a first-class training college, held various teaching posts in Lancashire and Cheshire. Her ability was testified by the fact that she was placed in charge of the "show" class at one of the so-called model schools of the North, and was afterwards appointed head mistress of Knutsford—the Cranford which Mrs. Gaskell described with such truthful patience in her novel of that name. During the Great War she married and retired from her profession.

Live and let live

But her husband returned from the war almost a complete invalid, and, after a long struggle with poverty, she was compelled eight years ago to seek readmission to her profession.

The education authorities in the North are mostly hostile to the employment of married women, but they readily made an exception in the case of Mrs. Burrows. After a spell at one of her former schools, she was given the appointment of head mistress at Chapel-le-Dale.

The ten thousand acres of dale and fell that are Chapel are not only a setting for the magnificence and majesty of Nature. They are one of the few relics of virgin England, reaching back to the birth of the land and still undefaced by the works of man. Electricity and gas are unknown, as are also the telegraph and the telephone. Local landlords do not allow roads to be built, and where roads do exist they refuse to use them. The inhabitants do not resent the place being described as Sleepy Hollow.

To live and let live has ever been the policy of the dalesman to his neighbours. That may help to explain the ferment that has grown in the countryside because the schoolmistress has been dismissed.

She was given notice to leave her post six months after a new vicar came to Chapel-le-Dale, and there can be no doubt that it was the consequence of a clashing of personalities in which the vicar, as chairman of the school managers, has prevailed.

Co-operation ended

Mrs. Burrows, a matronly looking woman who might be thought to be the ideal person to have charge of a country school, had, under the former régime at the vicarage, taken a large part in the religious work of the district. It is common, of course, in rural areas for the school head mistress to be a leader in the activities of the church, but when the new vicar came this kind of co-operation faded and ceased.

He is the Rev. E. J. F. Davies, a man of about the same age as Mrs. Burrows, who must have found the peace and the customs of the Dale in peculiar contrast to the bustle of Bradford where he previously served.

Beyond question, he has had to confront unusual difficulties in his new parish, and everything he has done has been with the very best motives.

Perhaps also Mr. Davies found that the people of the Dale had been somewhat "spoiled" by the indulgence of his predecessor, an elderly man with private means which he spent generously in the interests of the parish.

But Mr. Davies has no means other than his meagre stipend. He might be called stern and assertive, but, above all, he is businesslike and highly efficient, and he soon proceeded to put the affairs of the parish on a strictly business footing.

Soon after his arrival, the attendance at the church began to fall off. That may have been due to the fact that the former vicar sent out his motor-car and

LEGAL TOUTS TO SHUN

A WIDESPREAD campaign has been launched by the United Claims Association, 19, Bartlett's Buildings, London, to obtain new members, and readers living in London and the provinces have been pestered by the "door-knocker men" of this tin-pot association.

* * *

Membership is fixed at the low rate of one shilling a year, with the idea of attracting as much money as possible from the poorest section of the community.

For this small sum the United Claims Association promises to provide husband, wife and family "with free legal advice in all matters, and legal assistance in case of injury by accident."

In addition, there is a clause which states "that in all matters other than accidents, legal assistance will be provided for members on very easy terms."

In fact, this "philanthropic" organisation, which has been in existence for two years, is prepared to promise almost anything to those who will foolishly part with their shillings.

It is but another of the touting legal aid societies which have been frequently exposed in these columns.

We urge our readers to give such organisations a wide berth, and in the event of an accident they would be well advised to seek advice from a local solicitor.

* * *

The headquarters of this concern are in a small and poorly furnished office on the top floor of Bartlett's Buildings. This office also happens to be a nest for a group of similar concerns.

Readers will be well advised to ignore such touting organisations and their offers of "free" legal advice.

SCHOOLMISTRESS

The inhabitants of Chapel-le-Dale do not resent the place being called Sleepy Hollow. But they responded enthusiastically to the summons to travel miles to plead for a neighbour

haufeur on Sun-ays to bring wor-hippers from a istance to and rom the church. Mr. Davies cannot fford a motor-car ven for his own se. Then rumours egan to fly about—reports that would eem trivial elsewhere but have tremen-ous importance in an isolated com-unity like that of Chapel-le-Dale.

Strain on funds

One, for instance, has been that the ew vicar has decided that in future very child cannot receive a gift from he parish Christmas-tree. This is true. Mr. Davies considers that, with the imited resources of the parish, it is a aste of money to give every child, what-ver its age, a cheap toy which would e quickly broken. He thinks it best hat better and more substantial gifts hould be provided for the older children nly.

Again, it began to be said that the icar intended to interfere with the nnual outing of the dalesfolk and their children to the seaside. This also was true. Mr. Davies had found that the parish funds could not bear the strain of the customary contribution to the one-day holiday, so he determined that the people must be content with less.

These and other reports became distorted and magnified in circulation, and the vicar believed that Mrs. Burrows was broadcasting them. She denies having done so.

The vicar and the schoolmistress are next-door neighbours, and, previous to the arrival of Mr. Davies, all communications relating to the work of the parish had been made personally. Soon after the advent of Mr. Davies, Mrs. Burrows was surprised and hurt when every communication from the vicar came as a formal and businesslike letter placed in the letter-box of the school-house.

Some of these letters certainly brought her bitter disappointments..

One notified her that Mr. Davies had decided to end the custom of holding mid-week service in the church for the school-children. She had been instrumental in persuading the previous vicar to conduct these services, because the children's homes are so remote—they have to be brought to the school by specially provided omnibus—that many of them cannot attend church on Sunday.

Another letter from the vicarage intimated to the schoolmistress that choir practice would cease. Mrs. Burrows had been responsible for the formation of the church choir and conducted its practices. But Mr. Davies did not think that the effort and time were worth while, so small was the choir. He ordered that in future the Psalms should be spoken instead of sung. This was a disappointment to more than Mrs. Burrows. The people of the dales have some pride in their musical voices.

A third letter closed down the Sunday school, which Mrs. Burrows also supervised, on the ground that the attendance did not justify it.

"Ha'penny nap"

After a short period of absence from the parish, Mrs. Burrows returned to find another letter awaiting her to the effect that "other arrangements" had been made to relieve her of the work of playing the organ at the church services. She is a most efficient organist and for nearly thirteen years was lecturer in music at a Manchester training college for teachers.

A further letter ordered her to surrender the lock and key of the school coal-house to the vicar.

A remarkable conflict between the vicar and the schoolmistress occurred at a parish meeting. She had been away for a week-end, when the vicar supervised a whist-drive held in the school. On returning, she learned that four old cronies, instead of joining in the whist, had played ha'penny nap in a corner by themselves.

It seems that the four "gamblers" had played their game when the vicar had gone home, and, anyhow, without his knowledge. Mrs. Burrows, at the parish meeting, however, fiercely denounced the vicar for the responsibility, declaring that the matter would have had serious consequences for her and the reputation of the school if the police had raided the "gambling den."

The scene, according to all accounts, was so heated that it will be spoken of for a generation in the dales. And it was so prolonged that the oil lamps burned out and messengers had to be sent to the inn for candles.

To be unmarried

An education inspector visited Chapel-le-Dale school recently and tested the children in the charge of Mrs. Burrows. His report was submitted to the vicar and the school management committee, which thereupon—the county education authority not objecting—served notice of dismissal upon the schoolmistress.

The former vicar was the first to intercede on her behalf and to seek to have the decision annulled. He has failed.

In a letter to him, Mr. Davies declares that Mrs. Burrows has been responsible for introducing "ruffianism" into the parish meetings and seriously impairing the work of the school. He added that in future candidates for teaching posts in the school must be young and unmarried.

Mr. Davies innocently exaggerated when he accused Mrs. Burrows of ruffianism. But the vicar was right in his forecast that the next schoolmistress would be young and unmarried. A young woman of twenty-four has been appointed to succeed Mrs. Burrows.

The petition, signed by most of the population of the Dale, which has been sent to the Prime Minister is a fine testimonial to Mrs. Burrows, and must be one of the most remarkable documents of the kind that has ever reached Downing Street.

Joint protest

It says that she is a most suitable and conscientious teacher and has made the children happy. It goes on:

"She never drives them by caning, but trains them to love their work, and to be able to set themselves to work.

"Owing to long distances and the severe and wet weather, they cannot attend as regularly as we would wish, and, of course, these conditions hamper their work, but we are definite in saying that they compare favourably with other children.

"Younger teachers would never care for the children's health or welfare as she has done.

"She has worked, too, for the happiness of the residents, and we feel that it is only the caprice of the new vicar which has led him to persuade the managers to send her notice.

"We urge that this notice should be annulled and her services retained, as her presence and work here influence and benefit socially, morally and intellectually the welfare of the Dale."

The parish council, the local education committee and the National Union of Teachers have also joined in the protest and the demand for reinstatement of a woman who has been condemned by a secret report and bereft of her livelihood and pension.

Some German tourists were impressed by the fact that it is still possible in Britain for the people to manifest their indignation and sense of injustice. Perhaps the Prime Minister will find time to study this glimpse of English life and character with which the dalesfolk have provided him.

'VOLUME and GOOD TONE CERTAINLY GO TOGETHER IN BUSH RADIO'

says Christopher Stone

I FIND that very many people like to have plenty of volume at their disposal in their radio-sets; for some kinds of music it is necessary, I'll admit, but variety is the spice of life . . . . . Only a retired Indian-Army Colonel, or an insensitive Roundabout Proprietor (also retired), would choose nothing but Military Band Performances.

The other day I listened to a set, and you could hear it literally a mile off, but its quality was deplorable. Unfortunately, this seems to be true of a lot of sets; where you get considerable volume you also get distortion. The Bush people, however, manage somehow to get both extremely natural reproduction with ample volume.

Don't ask me how they do it—it just seems to be a happy knack of theirs. Gaumont-British Sound engineers have put all they know into Bush Superhets, and believe me they know all that's worth knowing about good sound reproduction.

If you think I'm being fulsomely flattering to the product I'm pleased to sponsor, then go to the nearest Bush dealer and hear this Bush receiver in action for yourself!

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"Year in, Year out Reliability"

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Dr. Leonard Williams

It's a LIE, Doctor!

DEAR DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS,—I do not remember that Wednesday, September 4, 1935, was a particularly hot day. Anyway, you were at Margate, where the sea breezes are cool. There, the wind is said to blow straight from the North Pole. It seems that you were speaking at a summer school of the New Health Society.

Well, what you said is a new kind of health, so far as I know. I little thought that I should ever have to defend the whole body of women teachers against the fulminations of a physician.

But really, your attack on women teachers as "embittered hoydens" is so extraordinary that it does ask for some reply.

I see that one newspaper says "Dr. Williams, who is seventy-four," probably by way of excusing what you said. But when Sir Oliver Lodge is over eighty, and he does not talk nonsense like that. Even Bernard Shaw, who is seventy-nine, is usually more restrained—and he goes off the deep end sometimes.

* * *

"The women who have the responsibility of teaching these girls," you declared, "are, many of them, themselves embittered, sexless or homosexual hoydens who try to mould the girls into their own pattern. Far too often they succeed.

"Girls who have no desire to play combative games are cajoled and coerced into taking part by these thin-lipped, flat-chested, sadistic creatures."

I wonder where you learned to talk such nonsense as this. I wonder what the medical profession would say if I, taking your remarks as being typical of their utterances, said that doctors were in the habit of talking tripe.

If what you say is true, you must go along with all your evidence to the authorities. This is your duty, for it would mean we were, unknown to ourselves, in the midst of a national peril. If you cannot substantiate it, you should immediately withdraw every word.

"Games such as hockey and lacrosse develop that part of the suprarenal gland which presides over the combative element of a person's character," you say. "You cannot confine the desire and aptitude for combat to cricket and football. What was originally a gentle, feminine girl becomes harsh and bellicose in all relations to life."

What utter nonsense! We recently sent a women's cricket team to Australia. They played, on their return, at the Oval. They were a splendid body of young women. *They* did not complain about "body line." *They* did not argue, as did the M.C.C., all composed of men, about the bowlers.

* * *

Have you ever seen a girls' team playing lacrosse? Often, they impress the onlookers as being examples to their sex. They are graceful. They are physically perfect. They show a team spirit.

Why shouldn't women play games, if men do? Cannot the girls play, as well as the boys? I suppose that when you were a boy, girls fainted and had burnt feathers held under their noses. Yes, they had "vapours" then. You, apparently, are still suffering from the vapouring.

How dare you indict a profession? There are many thousands of female teachers in England, women of all kinds, women drawn from all classes. Some have adorned the ranks of learning at Girton and Newnham. Some have founded great colleges like Roedean. Some, the children of miners and cotton operators, have taught in the elementary schools.

I have heard all sorts of things about men teachers. All that I remember of my own is that, except that one silly man who, in a grammar school I attended, used to wear his mortar-board and gown all day, the others are all still regarded by me with memories of great gratitude and admiration. I still owe them much.

Now, one of my sisters is still a teacher. Another was a teacher until she married. The second one, I remember, was once the heroine of a remarkable incident when the dreaded "His Majesty's Inspector" came along.

A small boy in the class put up his hand.

"Yes, Tommy, what do you want?" asked the inspector.

"I don't 'arf wish Miss Swaffer was my father," was the astounding reply.

This young sister of mine had views about teaching. She used to complain that her control of the children ceased when school time was ended. She thought she should have the right to go home and see that the children were properly treated out of school hours.

I can remember her once attacking me for being a journalist when I ought to be a teacher.

"Ours is a much more important job," she said.

* * *

My young sister played games. I do not remember that she was thin-lipped, flat-chested or sadistic. Certainly, she was not embittered. And she certainly knew much more about cricket than I did.

Games have revolutionised the lives of women. A few years ago they were regarded as a sex apart. Now, more and more, they and men are sharing in a great human comradeship.

Join it, doctor!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR MR. ELLIOT,—There is still something very wrong with the way your Milk Marketing Board controls the nation's milk supplies.

Farmers are complaining that they have 40,000,000 gallons of surplus milk left on their hands each month.

Yet big manufacturing firms are having to buy tinned milk and render it down because they can't obtain adequate supplies of fresh milk. Even some sections of the general public go short.

Can't you do better than that?

JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Aberdare

GENTLEMEN,—You have framed a children's charter which I should like to see hung in the classrooms of every school.

For youngsters in your district will now do homework only if their parents wish it, and even then they are to have at least one night a week free from lessons.

I am glad my protests against the over-taxing of young minds and bodies are at last bearing fruit.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM FIRTH,
Cobham, Surrey

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Next week-end the biggest experiment ever attempted in industrial pensions will be started, an experiment which will owe much to your munificent help.

All workers in the Welsh tinplate industry will pay 2½ per cent. of their earnings into a pension fund. Employers have allotted £25,000 to it, you have given a similar amount yourself.

May it succeed—and may other industries follow suit.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. J. THOMAS,
Hackley, Manchester

DEAR RECTOR,—You are not the only one who is tired of church sales of work. So are the shopkeepers who lose money owing to the unfair competition and the unblushing rapacity upon which these functions often depend for success. So are the parishioners who are dragooned into spending sums of money out of all proportion to the value received.

Let us have a little less Ramp and a lot more Religion.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. TYLER LANE, Sheffield: Too many people, you think, put down money at pay-boxes and say: "Now amuse me." Better than getting the dumps at home. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALFRED KNIGHT,
Tottenham

DEAR SIR,—For taking to safety the life savings of £2,000 which you left in a bus, you rewarded the conductor with no less than half a crown.

And he promptly spent it at the kinema!

Doesn't that make you regret giving him so much?

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Bognor Regis

YOUR WORSHIPS,—I am amazed at that by-law which resulted in the prosecution of two newsvendors for selling newspapers in Bognor streets, and I dislike the council's attempt to restrict the public's rights to buy where and from whom it chooses.

"Tyrannical," as counsel for the defence described this by-law, is an epithet that will occur to most people.

Congratulations on dismissing so unreasonable a prosecution!

JOHN BULL.

Sir OLIVER LODGE,
Normanton House, near Salisbury

DEAR SIR OLIVER,—At last, in your eighty-fourth year, you have made a bow to age. The British Association has met without you, and so the longest connection any man has had with it is ended.

But scientists will not forget the fine, white-haired figure who paid close attention to even the smallest utterances of the youngest men with never a trace of patronage.

Nor will they forget the many great contributions you have made to scientific knowledge. JOHN BULL.

Councillor C. WILLETTS,
Halesowen, Worcs

DEAR SIR,—I commend your spirited plea that the council should not debar men over forty from vacant jobs, and I am glad you have succeeded in getting the ban removed.

I wish you had the eloquence to win over every employer to your view.

Let us pension off workers at sixty, but let us remember that men in the forties are in their prime.

JOHN BULL.

SAMUEL ISAAC KING,
Waterloo Street, Birmingham

KING,—It is an old practice of certain house-agents to demand a premium before granting the tenancy of a house.

But the fine of £50 imposed on you for obtaining £10 by such means will, I hope, do much to deter others.

In this country, you know, it is cheaper to observe the law.

JOHN BULL.

Sir PHILIP GAME,
London, S.W.

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—In a week or so you will be taking over, as Commissioner, one of the finest bodies of men in the world—the Metropolitan Police.

Whatever criticism may be made of the fact that you are the second Air Marshal to hold this post, there is one spirit which underlies all this criticism.

That is one of good wishes to you and everybody associated with the Force.

JOHN BULL.

Major BERNARD B. WILLS,
Mill Hill, Middlesex

DEAR MAJOR,—At the inquest on your son and daughter you found yourself near the lorry driver with whose vehicle their car had collided.

You extended your hand. You said, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You probably saved the life of my younger girl. I hope you will not let this accident prey on your mind, because no blame attaches to you."

It will be long before I forget those fine words.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. H. B. LYON: Crooners' songs are noxious slush, you remark. So were sugary ballads of a past generation, you know.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor REGAN,
Manchester City Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—£1,100 seems a large sum to pay for a set of band instruments for the police, particularly when the ratepayers are asked to foot the bill.

However, no one disputes that in a tight corner Robert can be relied upon to "face the music" cheerfully.

So that if he plays it as well that £1,100 may not be such a bad investment after all. JOHN BULL.

The EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Edinburgh

GENTLEMEN,—Religious disturbances have been occurring in your city for months. Yet you have just drafted four classes of Roman Catholic children to a Protestant school, with the result that a crowd of women have violently demonstrated against this action.

You should know that the only hope of preserving peace is to keep the sects apart. Don't expose little children to outbreaks of fanaticism.

JOHN BULL.

Miss BETTY BAXTER,
6a, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DEAR MADAM,—Known as the "Silver Lady," you have for long been engaged in helping the unfortunates who sleep out on the Embankment.

Now, it seems, your name is being misused by rogues who go round with collecting boxes.

Let me warn the charitable that contributions should be sent direct to you.

JOHN BULL.

BOLSOMS' ANNIVERSARY SALE

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No. SP. 610. Craftsman built in richly figured, beautifully matched Walnut veneers, with laminated sides to all pieces. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted inside with books and the useful Cupboard which is 3 ft. 4 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide is fitted with a drawer at top and shelf inside. This magnificent Suite complete with 4 ft. Bedstead and Coil Spring, 10 Gns.

Free Delivery in England and Wales.

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No. S.P. 585. A craftsman-built Lounge Suite in Modern design. Superbly upholstered on heavy frames, stuffed with curled Algerian black fibre and covered with rich Velours in Blues, Fawns or Greens. Facings in Velour to tone. Deep sprung seats and backs. Settee 53 in. wide. Easy Chair 31 in. wide.

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5-Piece Suite in Figured Oak

Comprising:
4 ft. WARDROBE, DRESSING TABLE, CUPBOARD CHEST, 4 ft. BEDSTEAD and COIL SPRING.
COMPLETE 7½ GNS.

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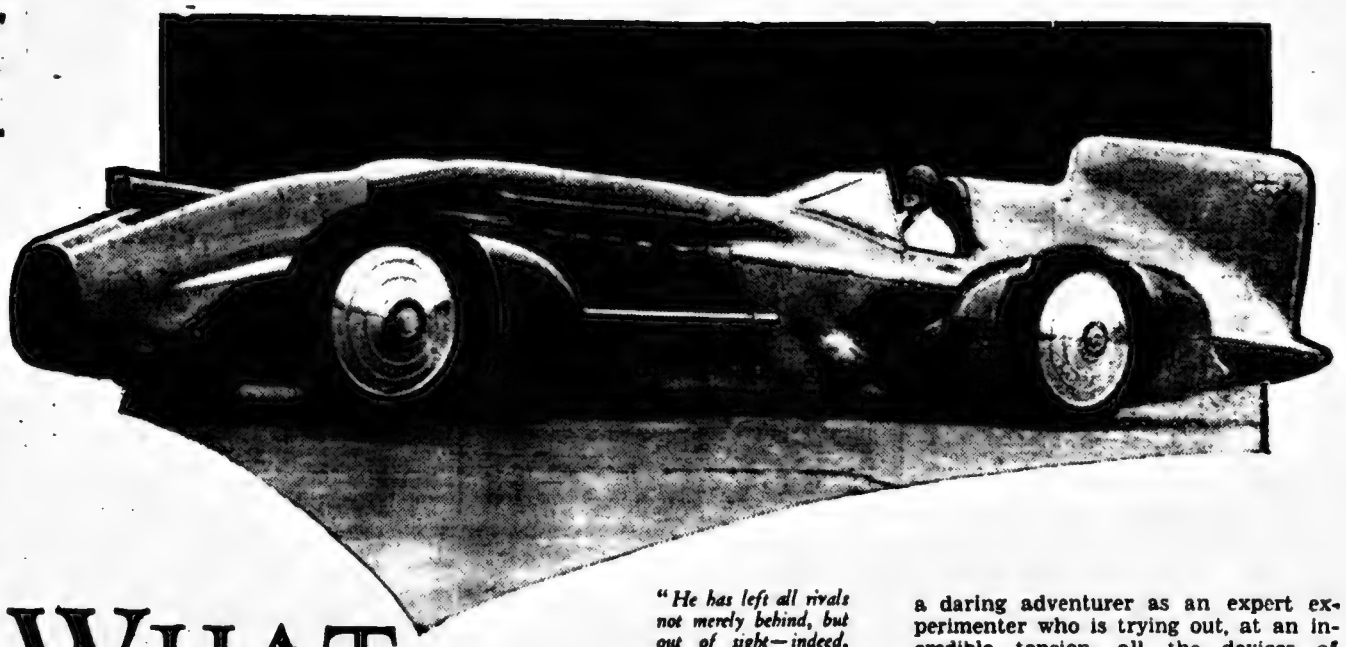

"He has left all rivals not merely behind, but out of sight—indeed, standing still"

WHAT USE is 300 m.p.h.?

THIS is the Age of Speed, and Sir Malcolm Campbell is its King. The crown was already his, but his dazzling achievement at Salt Lake City establishes his empire beyond all challenge. In steering his Blue Bird at the breathless and incredible speed of 300 miles an hour, or five miles a minute, he has left all competitors of the earth not merely behind, but out of sight—indeed, standing still.

For they have ceased to be among the "also rans." They have quitted the field. They have long realised that if anyone is to beat a Campbell record it is Campbell himself. If he cannot do it, no one can do it.

But so far he has always done it, joyfully, fearlessly, skimming the earth like a gleam of light, and preserving in the terrific roar of his flying machine a coolness of mind and an inconceivable delicacy of touch that leave him unscathed even in the presence of a burst tyre.

Such swift resource and intrepidity in the face of instant death is a triumph of mind over circumstance which commands wonder and admiration, and which reflects a certain lustre even on those of us whose function it is only to wonder and admire.

Train comparison

But, it may be asked, what is the good of it? And if Sir Malcolm's achievement is simply spectacular the question would be difficult to answer. It would be difficult to justify a gamble with death of this hair-raising kind if it were nothing more than a gamble—if at the end of it we were no wiser than we were before, and if it had no purpose but to dazzle and astonish.

Superficially there is no practical service in such a feat. A speed of 300 miles an hour has no relation to the ordinary facts of life.

Even in the Age of Speed such a pace on the ground is merely a fantastic freak.

There are no circumstances in which we can conceive that it could be adopted even if we became a nation of Campbells, and Blue Birds were as common as perambulators.

The fastest train is but a tortoise by comparison.

When, the other day, the directors of the Great Western Railway celebrated the centenary of the line by a non-stop run from Bristol to Paddington, they achieved a speed of well under a hundred miles an hour.

That in its way was as unprecedented as Sir Malcolm's flight in the Blue Bird, and for practical purposes it seems equally irrelevant. No one wants or expects to travel on a railway at a hundred miles an hour.

Indeed, it is not on earth at all that the exploitation of speed for practical purposes realises its maximum. It is in the air that the Age of Speed is alone fully realisable.

In 2035?

It is true that at Salt Lake City Sir Malcolm came within challenging distance of the aeroplane. He exceeded the speed (287 miles an hour) at which the Schneider Trophy was won so recently in 1927.

Nothing is more remarkable than the approximation of the speed of the motor car in recent years to that of the aeroplane.

Of course, the aeroplane is still far ahead. Its fastest speed record to-day is 443 miles an hour, and whereas the limits of motor speed would seem to be fixed and definable, those of the aeroplane may be assumed to be infinitely expansible. What may be achieved when science has conquered the resistance of the air that envelops the earth, and the aeroplane soars into the unresisting void, is beyond calculation.

It would not surprise me to be told that in 2035 people will be taking their coffee and roll at breakfast in London, their lunch in New York and their dinner in Melbourne. This would certainly not be so astonishing to you or me as the commonplace of to-day would be to those who were born, not a hundred years ago, but forty years ago, before the internal combustion engine and the aeroplane had revolutionised human life and society.

Tennyson, it is true, had a vision of "aerial navies battling in the central blue," but that was only poetic imagination.

He would have been as unbelieving as anybody if he had been told that within a few years of his death men would be skipping from London to Geneva between breakfast and lunch as unconcernedly as if they were taking a bus to Peckham or a train to Birmingham.

Air possibilities

But the uncharted and incalculable possibilities of the air have no similarity to the case of the motor-car. We may safely say that none but a miracle-monger like Campbell will ever hurtle over the earth at 300 miles an hour, and it is pretty certain that even he is near the attainable limit of speed of an earth-travelling vehicle, though equipped with aero engines.

For the rest of us our motor speed would seem to be definitely fixed at a maximum, let us say sixty, beyond which the vicissitudes and uncertainties of the roads make it both dangerous and criminal.

What then, we may repeat, is the good of these costly and sensational exploits? What bearing have they upon the millions of cars that are pounding along our roads at speeds varying from 20 to 60 miles an hour? The answer is that they are making our 20-60 speed more secure, more comfortable, more free from peril.

Truly seen, Campbell is not so much a daring adventurer as an expert experimenter who is trying out, at an incredible tension, all the devices of science and engineering. Those experiments are, of course, first made by the testing machines which subject transmission and steering to all sorts of stresses and strains, the tread of the tyres to high frictional tests and the problem of resistance to the most searching analysis.

But at the end of all these mechanical certitudes there is a task which only the expert driver handling the vehicle as a whole and subjecting it to the severest tests can perform.

And of these experts Sir Malcolm Campbell is the prince. It is he and—*longo intervallo*—men like him to whom the science and art that produce a Blue Bird are indebted.

And though Blue Birds are not for us and speeds of 300 miles an hour are outside our maddest dreams, the whole world of motoring is benefited by the thrilling exploratory work of the Campbells. To them the engineers and the technicians look for the hall-mark upon their work, and to them the plain, everyday driver, to whom 300 miles an hour is a nightmare, is unconsciously indebted for the relative security he enjoys as he ambles along at his 40-60 miles an hour.

It's Progress!

I am not sure that I am so grateful for the Age of Speed as I ought to be. I have moments when I think a little regretfully of a world where the pace was a bit slower and we were not all hastening so furiously to get from a place whose name we had forgotten to a place whose name we don't know. But I suppose it's Progress! And in any case the Age of Speed is here, and we must thank those who are doing their best to make it a good age.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

IT must be great to be a movie mime
Whose face and voice are known in ev'ry clime;
To win the worship of the multitude
And earn a princely stipend—for a time!

But lo! their lives are brief, their fame is writ
In water; for an hour or two they flit
Across the screen, then wake one morn to find
Their name is Mud—and someone else is It!

The mummer starred in nineteen-thirty-four,
In thirty-five is stigmatised a bore;
The heroine who's deified to-day,
To-morrow is politely shown the door!

Though vamps and It girls hotly make the pace,
At present they can't even win a place;
For money talks, and lo! its voice hath said:
A little child shall lead them in the race!

The world's latest sweetheart, as revealed by an international poll of film exhibitors, is Shirley Temple, aged six. Shirley has attained a position in the affection of the multitude which utterly eclipses that once held by Christopher Robin, who was always saying his prayers when he should have been falling downstairs.

But while Shirley has been going up and up and up and on and on and on, others have been slipping down. Mae West, for example, who last year ranked fifth in popularity, is now fourteenth. So, presumably, she will amend her invitation to, 'Come down and see me some time.'

Other stars have also slipped and slithered. Indeed, gratitude for past favours has not prevented Charlie Chaplin slipping entirely out of the first twenty. Nor does the little list mention Ramon Navarro, who recently scored such a "howling" success when he reached Victoria, to be pounced on by the customary collection of female stargazers.

If the faded grandeur that is Ramon's can call forth such an exhibition, what would happen if lil' Shirley came here to buy a few dolls and a Rolls-Royce pram and be photographed in Trafalgar Square, asking a wonderful London policeman the way to the Nelson Monument?

But if Shirley is to enjoy the felicity of being mobbed and mauled in the capitals of Europe, she had better hurry, for the fickleness of film fans makes the late lamented Don Juan seem a model of constancy. Only last year the high place now filled by the infant Shirley was occupied by the veteran Marie Dressler.

And next year some fascinatingly ugly Dago or an elderly actress suddenly elevated to the position of the World's Mother may be the darling of the fans. So let Shirley make dollars while the sun shines and the fans remain moonstruck.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
None need wonder who you are,
Since your name on ev'ry screen
May by all the world be seen.
You have, at the age of six,
Ousted Baxter, West and Mix!

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
You, indeed, have travelled far,
From the cradle to the screen,
With no childhood in between!
Twinkle, twinkle, well on top,
Till, like other stars, you flop!

What's it feel like up on high,
Like a diamond in the sky?
Is your life a thing of glee?
Or would you prefer to be,
Though you're earning quids and quids,
Just a kid like other kids?

Star Dust and Ashes

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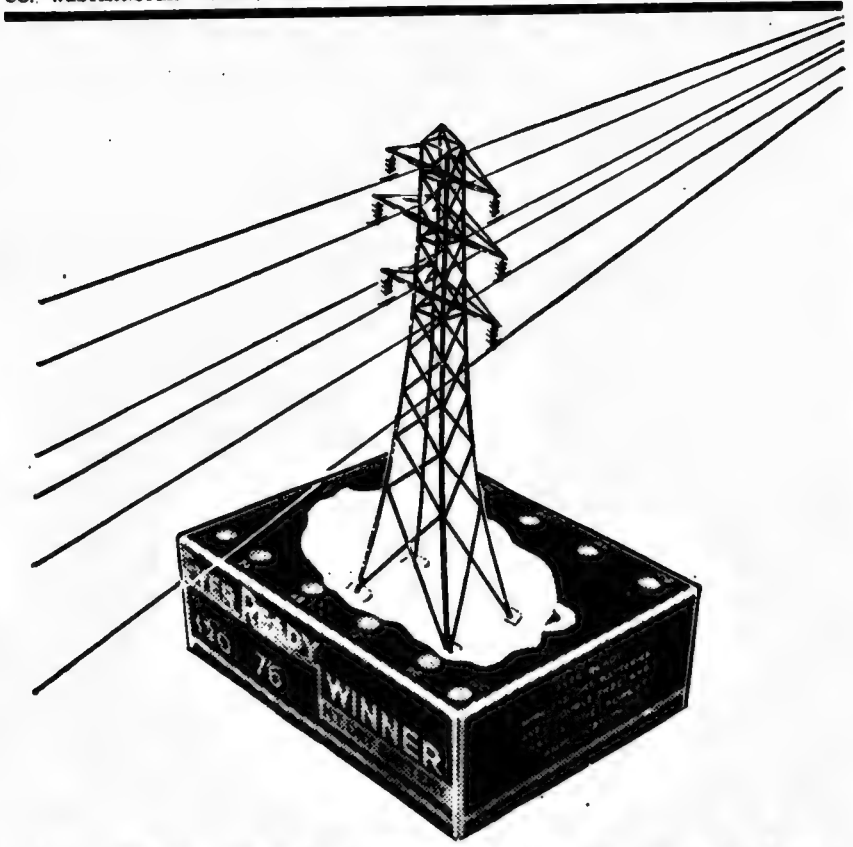

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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ARE YOU DEAF? The Vibraphone will make you hear. 30 days' trial to prove it. See advertisement on page 2.

STUDY at home in spare time. You can have a Bennett College training in almost any career for only a few shillings monthly. A free copy of a special book, "The Human Mind"—the secrets of success—is offered in advt. on p. 18.

FREE: Every woman reader can obtain a De-Luxe Beauty Outfit containing TOKALON preparations (powder and cream). See p. 28

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PERSONAL.

STANLEY WHITAKER TOOLE (formerly of Bolton who returned from Australia in 1932, will hear something to his advantage if he communicates with W. B., STUARTS, 103, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

He Wants to be the B.B.C.!

LISTENERS throughout the country are promised the thrill of a lifetime—if only half the ambitious dreams of a remarkable individual known as David S. Cecil comes true.

Though you may never have heard of him, Mr. Cecil is busy planning an invasion of the ether on a scale that has not been attempted in this country before.

His scheme is one calculated to stagger the public, for it involves stealing a march upon the B.B.C. and ousting it from its proud monopoly of the air.

Mr. Cecil is the director-general of a concern called the Commercial Broadcasting Corporation of Great Britain. The grandiose character of the project he has embarked upon is set forth in a circular he has scattered far and wide in an endeavour to attract publicity.

Great "discovery"

This advance propaganda is in the form of two multi-typed leaflets offering "further information, special articles and news."

"The most remarkable person I came across yesterday," one leaflet declares, "was a man who is forestalling the Broadcasting Commission's findings, and is so confident that the Commission will recommend the introduction of an alternative system of broadcasting to the B.B.C. that he is making preparations for the erection of three private transmitters in London, and is already booking 'time' for the programmes.

"Mr. David S. Cecil is the man who is engineering the work, and he has established offices in New Oxford Street, London, under the title of The Commercial Broadcasting Corporation of Great Britain.

"*The real significance of this move is the fact that behind this concern lies the power and influence of the Dayben Advertising Company of America, one of the chief programme sponsors in U.S.A. commercial broadcasting.*"

The italics are ours, and we shall have something to say about this "power and influence" presently.

First, let us quote Mr. Cecil on the subject of a momentous "discovery" on which his whole scheme is based.

"After carefully examining the B.B.C. Charter and Constitutional Practice, Mr. Cecil discovered that there was a fortnight elapsing between the present Charter and the coming into force of another. During this period he plans to start up the three transmitters and give listeners the time of their lives.'"

Truly, a remarkable man, as Mr. Cecil himself has put it! For he plans to give super wireless programmes sponsored by wealthy advertisers on the lines of the American broadcasts.

In this connection he claims that he has already managed to interest more than 300 large firms who are willing to contribute to his programmes.

The circular conveying this fact is brief and to the point, though not quite so modest is a leaflet accompanying it in which Mr. Cecil supports his claims in his capacity as director-general and publicity manager to the new "Corporation."

"Pushing Forward. That's David S. Cecil," reads the second pamphlet. Taking him at his own word, he has been cartoonist, playwright, impresario, Press agent, agent-actor-manager and vaudeville agent.

It is his claim that an alternative system of broadcasting will be a welcome advent; it is his boast that even the difficulty over the necessary licence from the Postmaster-General has been overcome.

In his office at 89, New Oxford Street, London, this new giant of broadcasting is to be found in absolute charge of his multiple affairs.

Apart from being supreme chief of the Commercial Broadcasting Corporation of Great Britain he is the editor and proprietor of a publication which appeared on the streets of London the other day.

From the first issue of what he likes to call the *Vaudeville Daily* we gather that Cecil considers the day of its advent a "red-letter day." Apparently it is now his aim to give news—red-hot sizzling news—to the profession at large.

But he explains that he does not intend to publish reports of the shows unless a super production opens in the provinces a week or so prior to its London debut, when one of his staff will make a detailed description and telephone it to the *Vaudeville Daily* directly the final curtain falls.

He seeks the support of the theatrical profession in this venture, and he invites suggestions. He is at any rate a trier.

Whether *Vaudeville Daily* will be what he thinks it is—"a long-felt want in the profession"—remains to be seen.

But he declares that "wires, 'phone calls and messages of all kinds have been pouring into the offices of *Vaudeville Daily* ever since the news that this paper was more than a dream leaked out. Right from the heads of the tours to the humble 'pro.' Thank you one and all. We will do our share to keep you interested."

Yet with all his ambitious schemes and artistic visions, the *Vaudeville Daily* is a paltry affair, that is certainly not likely to cut any more ice in theatreland than his scheme to oust the B.B.C. from the air.

The office he occupies is the headquarters also for a theatrical agency called Cecil Enterprises. The so-called powerful and influential Dayben Advertising Company of America likewise carries on its business within its four walls.

On the question of finance for his gigantic enterprise Cecil is strangely silent; yet enquiries we have made reveal that the cost of erecting three transmitting stations could not well be less than £150,000.

Sheer bluff

Cecil's idea of stepping in on the expiry of the charter granted to the British Broadcasting Corporation is just absurd—a high official has described it as "humbug and nonsense." The same comment might well be applied to the suggestion that he can overcome the difficulty of securing a licence from the Postmaster-General.

Only the Postmaster-General himself can grant a licence enabling broadcast programmes to be launched. Such licences are granted only to the B.B.C., to the War Office, the Admiralty, to radio telegraphic companies and for genuine experimental purposes.

So much for David S. Cecil's ambitious claims! Enquiries we have made show that so far the P.M.G. has received no application for a licence from either himself or his precious "Corporation."

Cecil's claim to have surmounted the difficulty is sheer bluff. More preposterous still is his boast of having secured the support of an influential American organisation.

The Dayben Advertising Company is quite unknown in the U.S.A. It is, in fact, but an alternative business name for the Commercial Broadcasting Corporation of Great Britain, of which Cecil, as we have remarked, is the "director-general."

Both concerns are of recent birth and were registered in this country on the same day. They have their headquarters in the same office. The one is merely an alternative name for the other. They are, indeed, the business names secured by Cecil and his partner at a cost of 5s. each, with the unique stipulation that the names can be interchanged at will.

So much for Cecil's grandiose "corporation," and his "influential" American concern. They have no real status or worth.

Avoid it

And what of his claims to fame as an impresario and vaudeville agent? His ventures in the theatrical world have not yet gained for him a great reputation, though, according to his circulars, he would have people believe otherwise.

In these circumstances we have no hesitation in warning our readers against the precious broadcasting "corporation" and its queer stable companion, the "Dayben Advertising Company."

David Cecil's present scheme is one to be avoided at all costs.

David Cecil promises listeners the thrill of a lifetime!

5/- Financier's Fantastic Spoof

SOMETHING TURNED UP!

"SOMETHING will turn up," Mr. Micawber always said: and it is in the hope of "something turning up" that so many are able to carry on in the face of troubles and difficulties.

"Something" very often does turn up, otherwise the plans folk make would more often misfire, the most carefully planned would be overshadowed by mishap. It's one thing to dream, but like another to wake up in the morning with the knowledge that your dreams will come true.

There is a reader in Liverpool, for instance, a happily married man who planned with his wife to take his holiday in the autumn. A plan which entailed the saving of shillings, the practice of thrift in many little ways, and arrangements with colleagues and friends to ensure that everything would continue as usual.

Holidays require new clothing. There are occasions when some garment new and fashionable can make all the difference to ordinary hum-drum affairs. Our reader's wife had secured a fashionable costume, the kind you are apt to admire when you see holiday-makers out for a walk along the cliffs, through the glens, or admiring some ancient and romantic castle.

But, alas, only a day or two before they were due to depart, a fire broke out in the sitting-room. There was a cloud of smoke, a burst of flame, and in a moment the plans made for excursions into the land of make-believe had vanished as surely as the morning gone.

Yet in this instance "something" turned up, for our Liverpool reader was able to take advantage of our free insurance offer. He was registered, and very promptly he told us all about it.

"I received your cheque," he writes. "I am amazed at the speed and generosity with which you responded. Nothing will stop us from enjoying our holiday now."

You will find the registration form on page 35.

Wills's CAPSTAN CIGARETTES. 10 for 6d., 20 for 11½d., PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

'BETTER
BUY CAPSTAN,
they're blended
better

–as the Artist said to his Model

CC.4108

A BLACK *Beauty* SALON

DENMAN STREET, London, which is within a stone's throw of the glare and glitter of the electric signs of Piccadilly Circus, has been the scene of unusual activities during the past few weeks.

On a recent Sunday, when this thoroughfare was deserted, a man paid a hurried visit to the premises of the Denman Institute of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture, which are at 12-14, Denman Street Piccadilly.

After a brief interval he emerged, and a quantity of goods were removed to a waiting car.

Next day, when a group of pupils, whose parents had paid sums ranging from £10 to £20 as fees for instruction, arrived at the Denman Institute to carry on with their studies, they discovered that Mr. Bernard Ross Johnson, the proprietor of the Institute, had disappeared. He was so forgetful that he omitted to leave even a note with his home address.

Missing

So the unfortunate pupils, some of whose tuition in the arts of hairdressing and beauty culture had just begun, were naturally disappointed at the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the principal.

From that day to this Bernard Ross Johnson has not been seen at the Denman Institute of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture.

Apart from the ordinary pupils, there is one woman from whom Johnson obtained sums amounting to over £50.

This money was to be used to float the Institute as a limited company. But once again Johnson's memory was at fault. He forgot to float the new company and he forgot to return the money advanced for this purpose to the woman who foolishly trusted him.

Another victim is a woman who had invested £100 in return for which she was to receive a salary of £2 a week.

In fact, there are to be seen any day in Denman Street, Piccadilly, a group of impatiently waiting young women who are anxious to find the missing proprietor of the Institute.

Diploma promised

Actually the Denman Institute was registered in January last, but it was not until some months later that the real campaign began to attract pupils.

Late in July the following displayed advertisement appeared in a trade paper:

"Book early for the new term commencing September 2. Complete course 20 guineas. Denman Institute of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture, 12-14, Denman Street, W.1."

Those who responded to these advertisements, which also appeared in the daily newspapers, received a rather imposing syllabus giving details of the "Programme of Full Course Training" and stressing the fact that diplomas were granted to all successful students.

What particular value this diploma would have for the pupil who had completed a course at the Institute was not mentioned.

Tuition upon living models is said to be guaranteed, and there are combined courses for both ladies' and gentlemen's hairdressing.

The full course for ladies seems to cover every conceivable phase of beauty treatment, including bobbing, shingling, Marcel waving, face massage, high frequency treatments, vibro treatments, scalp treatments, violet ray treatments, wave shaping, hair dyeing, water waving, tinting and all kinds of permanent waving, sachet and oil steam processes.

Students who show progress in their work are offered week-end posts, so that they may earn money during their training.

All fees were payable in advance and ranged from twelve guineas for a month to £40 for six months' training. Altogether the syllabus was much more imposing than the actual premises of the Denman Institute.

Up-to-date treatment in a Beauty Salon. Pupils of the Denman Institute have been left with their training unfinished . . .

On the rocks

Recently there have been strange developments at this establishment. When the proprietor, Bernard Ross Johnson, disappeared, his place was taken by a Mrs. Dorothea Gabrielle Amor, who immediately assumed control of the Denman Institute.

To irate callers and pupils who have demanded the return of their fees paid for tuition, Mrs. Amor is sympathetic, and laments that she, too, has been badly treated by Johnson.

She claims that the idea of starting the Denman Institute was her own, but as there were reasons why she could not run the Institute in her own name, she allowed Johnson to register himself as the proprietor.

What monetary arrangement there was between these two is best known to Mrs. Amor, who is now so loud in her denunciation of the missing Mr. Bernard Ross Johnson.

That Mrs. Dorothea Gabrielle Amor has now decided to take over the Denman Institute says something for her impudence if not for her judgment, for her record in previous business ventures has proved extremely unfortunate financially for those who have been associated with her enterprises.

It was in July last that Mrs. Amor, alias Maritch, alias Emily Smith, appeared at Carey Street in connection with the bankruptcy of the Dee Gee Salons, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly.

In this venture, Mrs. Amor had a woman partner who had the misfortune to lose £440 in this wretched business, which began in September, 1934, and went on the rocks financially in less than four months.

When Mrs. Amor's statement of her affairs was lodged, it disclosed that her personal liabilities were £763 and there were no assets.

Mrs. Amor's idea of doing business can be gathered from the fact that goods, including three gold cigarette-cases and other articles valued at £68, were obtained on credit from a London firm, only to be pawned or sold by her when she was short of money. Her explanation was that she wanted the money partly for the payment of wages!

Another claim was from a firm that had supplied goods, including a sable tie at £40, which Mrs. Amor sold for £18 to another woman.

Queer business methods indeed, but typical of Mrs. Amor of many aliases, who for years has been running ventures in which other people have lost money.

Imposing

Her record of business failures is staggering. Yet by her imposing manner, her open face, and her blue, hypnotic eyes, she can still persuade people to put money into her enterprises which too often collapse like a house of cards in a gale.

Mrs. Dorothea Gabrielle Amor, alias Maritch, who says that her late husband was an ex-officer of the Russian Naval Reserve, is obviously a venturesome business associate, for she has already served two terms of twelve months' hard labour for obtaining goods by false pretences.

Certainly her assumption of control of the Denman Institute of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture bodes ill for those who trust her with goods or money.

We know that she is attempting to find pupils and a financial backer for this moribund Institute, and that is why we warn the public against her.

The unhappy experience of the earlier pupils, and the disturbing disappearance of Johnson should at least serve to place other people upon their guard, and anyone who may be tempted to embark upon a beauty salon career should think twice before enlisting the aid of this queer institute.

Write to

JOHN BULL

About It!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Let's Think it Out

ONE of the most abused words in the world to-day is "Freedom." Most of those who talk about it haven't the faintest idea what it really implies. Individuals, as much as nations, would be all the better for sitting down and thinking it out.

There is always a tendency to confuse liberty with licence. To the unthinking, to be free means to do what we like. But that isn't really freedom. It isn't possible in any organised state of society to do what we like without any regard for others. If we all did what we liked the result would very speedily be social chaos.

Nor is it any more true, as Schiller, the German poet, once said, that "Freedom is only in the land of dreams, and the beautiful only blooms in song." That is as fallacious as the opposite view, that freedom is complete absence of control.

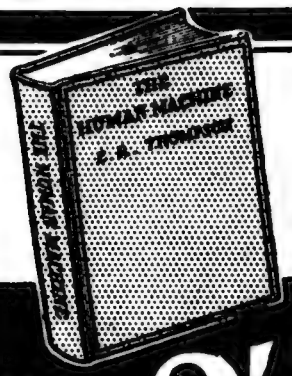
To be free, strangely enough, means to assume considerable responsibilities. It means being thoughtful of the rights of others.

It means giving to others the same rights that you seek for yourself. If you claim the right to think as you like and say what you think, without fear or favour, then, if you are to be really free, you must be ready to let the other fellow do the same.

You must, if you wish to be really free, be as zealous in guarding the freedom of your neighbour—who probably differs violently from you on nearly every topic under the sun!—as you are in guarding your own.

And finally you must have the courage of your conscience. You must be able to do what is right because you know it to be right—no matter what others may think. You must refuse to allow your conscience to be shackled by the mob.

"Who then is free?" asked a great Roman; and he answered his own question:—"The wise man who is lord over himself; whom neither poverty nor chains nor death alarm; strong to withstand his passions and despise honours; the man who is completely finished and rounded off in himself."



This useful Book is published at **2/6**

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Send for Free particulars of the Course that interests you, and at the same time ask for a free copy of "The Human Machine."

OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but still later you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment. Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father? We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them. There are some people who manufacture an article and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity. If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or, better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. Bennett

CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

Jim Duck

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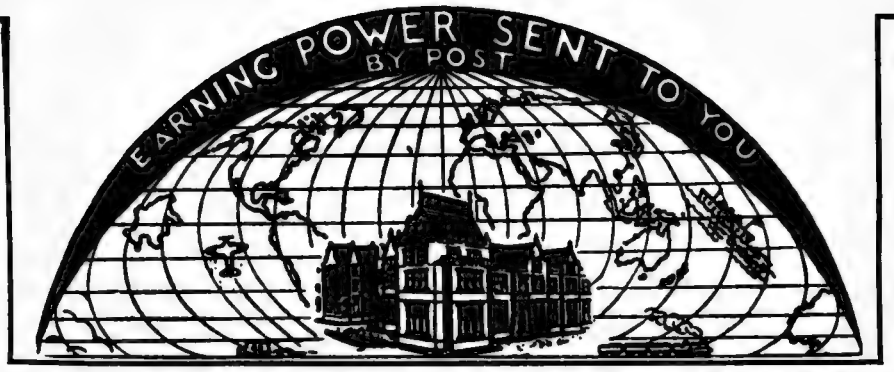
Jim Duck **Art Dept. 31.**



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Victims of a Phantom Factory

WHAT is the significance behind the strange disappearance of Mr. A. J. Wallace, proprietor of the Alibrass Foundry Works, Shardeloes Road, New Cross, London?

Premium pupils and other people who have had business dealings with Wallace are greatly perturbed because recently they found that the Alibrass Foundry Works had been deserted by its proprietor, who has disappeared, leaving no trace of his whereabouts. They have my profound sympathy.

His disappearance is the culmination of an audacious series of frauds, and the story begins about six weeks ago, when advertisements appeared in London newspapers calling for smart, intelligent men to work in an aluminium, brass and gunmetal works.

Those who replied received a letter from the Alibrass Foundry Works, Shardeloes Road, New Cross, which was signed by the proprietor, A. J. Wallace.

"A steady and intelligent man is required," wrote Wallace, "and if suitable you will have the opportunity of learning all the branches of this trade, moulding, melting and casting in aluminium, brass and gunmetal, which is one of the very few trades that is not overcrowded and in consequence of which it is also one of the best paid."

At subsequent interviews Wallace explained that he required a premium for teaching the work, which would lead ultimately to well-paid employment.

Many pupils, I find, were impressed by the steady flow of Wallace's talk about the good prospects ahead and they willingly paid their premium of £10.

This sum was for a training period of four weeks. After the first week the trainee was to receive 25s. a week for three weeks and then the proprietor was to provide employment for the trainee at a "salary" of 1s. 1d. per hour. Small wonder that a number of young men eagerly seized this promised opportunity of learning a trade, and of subsequently obtaining employment at the Alibrass Foundry Works.

A film impression

After paying their premiums, they were promised tuition that would make them experienced foundry workers, as portrayed here, but the employer did not stay long enough to teach them much

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS FROM Sir Wyndham Childs

At least twenty-five of these men, among whom were ex-soldiers, borrowed the premium required, but were soon disillusioned. They received no real training and there was no indication that any genuine business was being carried on at the Alibrass Foundry Works.

£10 easier

A. J. Wallace, the proprietor, failed to stamp some of his employees' Unemployment and National Health Insurance cards. In addition he has obtained goods from a number of firms, who pressed him for payment without success.

It now transpires that, in the hope of finding more money, he attempted to find partners who would put up £300 each, but in this direction he experienced some difficulty. It was much easier to find premium pupils at £10 each.

Surrounded by debts and his dissatisfied premium pupils who were demanding the return of their money, A. J. Wallace has simply done the disappearing trick, and the "Foundry Works" at Shardeloes Road, New Cross, know him no more.

He has left behind him debts and disillusioned men whom he has deceived with easy promises of specialised training and well-paid employment.

My investigations show this is not the only exploit of A. J. Wallace.

In May last he was trading as A. J. Wallace and Co., Consulting Foundry Engineers, of Victoria Street, London, and advertising for men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five to "learn a skilled trade."

To applicants he then offered a practical intensive training in foundry work, including moulding and melting and casting in aluminium, brass, gunmetal and bronze. The premium he asked was £10 10s. for two months' training and at the end of that period he guaranteed "to find you employment in the trade at a good rate of wages."

Those who wanted to avail themselves of this offer were asked to call at Mr. Wallace's private address in Loampit Hill, Lewisham.

Next, within a few weeks of seeking victims under the imposing title of A. J. Wallace and Co., Consulting Foundry Engineers, of Victoria, he started with the still more imposing title of the Alibrass Foundry Works, of Shardeloes Road, New Cross, London.

Clearly Wallace is an impudent impostor who is devoid of any spark of decency. His victims are mostly unemployed men who can ill afford to lose the money they paid him as premiums. The Alibrass Foundry Works was, in fact, a bogus enterprise that served solely as a cloak for a brazen trickster.

New alias

Probing still more deeply I find that A. J. Wallace is the latest alias for a persistent swindler better known as Archibald Greensmith, and his record under this and other names is deplorable.

Two years ago, when calling himself "John S. Spencer," he came under my notice as the managing director of the A. G. Foundry Company, Ltd., with factory and offices in Southwark, London.

At that time he boasted that he also had a flourishing factory at Doncaster, but subsequent enquiries showed that this factory did not exist. It was in fact a flourish of the tongue.

In this exploit he found many victims whom he offered tempting posts in his supposedly prosperous business, and from whom he extracted deposits and "loans" on the strength of misleading stories.

Besieged

He also duped premium-paying pupils, whose training he promised to supervise. They were all promised work at the end of their training. Then there came a day when John S. Spencer was called away "on urgent business up North"—and he did not return.

Meanwhile creditors began to besiege the premises of the A. G. Foundry Co., Ltd., in Southwark. Even the rent had not been paid. But John S. Spencer, otherwise Archibald Greensmith, otherwise A. J. Wallace, was again among the missing.

Previously he had traded as the Newart Metal Co., of Lewisham Road, Greenwich, London, using the name of Archibald Greensmith. In this exploit he was not so lucky, for he subsequently appeared at the Old Bailey and was sentenced to twenty months' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences

That this man should again be actively engaged in preying upon the unemployed and once more doing his "disappearing trick" prompts me to issue this warning in the public interest. He is obviously a danger to the unwary and the sooner his career of deceit and fraud is ended the better it will be.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Favours and Rights

A READER with a sense of humour conjoined to a sympathetic heart, as a sense of humour usually is, has passed on to me a piece of information that illustrates what often happens in human intercourse.

A man getting on in years, poor, and with no one to look after him, was pitied by a neighbour because of his forlorn state. For years she sent him his Sunday dinner.

One Sunday the arrival of some friends caused her to forget to send the dinner as usual. But while she and they were eating she happened to look out of the window. There at the garden gate stood the old man with a look of fury on his face.

Instantly the mistress of the house realised her omission and felt rather dismayed about it. She hardly knew what to do as there was no dinner left, but she promptly sent an apology together with the promise of a good substantial tea to compensate for the loss of the mid-day meal.

The old man gravely listened to the apology and sent back the reply, "Well, tell her I will look over it this time, but I hope it will not occur again." I rather think the actual words were, "Don't let it occur again."

When this was repeated to his benefactress her first reaction to it naturally was one of irritation at the sheer impudence of it. But the next moment the funny side of it struck her and she started to laugh till she was helpless, the tears running down her cheeks as the comicality of the situation mastered her more and more.

This was the best way to take the incident and left no rancour behind. I am glad to say that the old man continued to get his Sunday dinner week by week.

But there is something to be learned from an experience of this kind both by those whose privilege it is to confer benefits and by those who receive them. There is a right way and a wrong way of doing either.

It is unfortunately true that a favour bestowed tends to be regarded as a right by the beneficiary if continued for very long, and its withdrawal to be considered a grievance. If you render a service to a person out of kindness, and keep on rendering it till it comes to be expected as a matter of course, putting an end to it is no easy matter.

You are quite likely to find that the person on whose behalf you have been making the sacrifice or putting yourself to inconvenience will be less friendly to you when you cease thus acting than if you had never begun.

Husbands, for instance, are sometimes said to grow exacting if wives slave for them too much; and, conversely, wives have been known to become selfish and inconsiderate because husbands have showered gifts and indulgences upon them and shielded them from everything that could wound or annoy. I should be sorry to think that love needs to safeguard itself from being taken advantage of in this way, but I fear it occasionally is.

The remedy is not to show less love or even to be cautious in bestowing it, but to respect the integrity and worth of the persons you love to such an extent as to let them share your problems and difficulties to the full as well as your affection. With one who does not stand so near you may need to be a little more careful. Always hold something in reserve.

Mr. RICKETT—

IT is nearly a fortnight since the whole world was alarmed by the exploits of a certain Mr. Francis William Rickett, a City of London financier who threw a bombshell into European politics by obtaining a £10,000,000 mineral and oil concession from the Emperor of Abyssinia.

In a moment Mr. Rickett, till then a man quite unknown to the general public, became a figure of international importance. Statesmen rushed about asking who and what he was. The man-in-the-street also clamoured for information. For Mr. Rickett by his concession had complicated enormously the task of those endeavouring to prevent war between Italy and Abyssinia.

He had made the Italians and other nations suspect the motives of Great Britain. They saw in Mr. Rickett "the British Lion's Paw" laid on Abyssinia.

Everybody knows now that Mr. Rickett was not a "lion's paw." He was just a financier acting for an American company.

But there still remains a great deal to be told of the activities of Mr. Rickett before people can get a true idea of this mystery man. And it is this that we propose to tell.

Mystery man he certainly is, because for years he has worked secretly, keeping his movements and the exact nature of his operations from even his closest friends.

At his office in Austin Friars, in the City of London, and at other establishments in the capital where he has made his plans, even his secretaries have never been given any real inkling of his schemes. Whenever he has been away from his offices, as has often happened when he has gone on some mysterious foreign mission, his staff has seemed "lost" without him. But the offices are always the scene of great animation when "F. W. R."—the "Lawrence of Finance," as he has been nicknamed—is at the helm.

A Hustler

He is a man of tremendous energy, and from his earliest days in the City has been intensely active. He has a telling personality, is abrupt, alert, and a rigid disciplinarian where his staff is concerned.

Often he arrives at the office early in the morning, works until very late at night, and keeps the principal members of his staff with him. Constantly he has chartered an aeroplane, flown to Paris to keep a luncheon appointment, and returned to London by air for an evening "sitting" at one or another of his offices.

People who know Mr. Rickett well are puzzled as to how he gained his extensive technical knowledge of the geographical and mining values of so many different countries. He knows so much about the mineral prospects of Bolivia, Russia, Iraq, Africa and other lands that he can discuss them intimately without consulting any book on the subject.

Yet, until he obtained the Abyssinian concession, he has remained practically unknown in City circles, and his name—and those of some of the companies with which he has been associated—do not appear in any financial book of reference!

A more astonishing career would be hard to find outside the pages of fiction.

With no great education behind him, Mr. Rickett served in an infantry regiment during the war and, badly wounded by a shot in the lung, was invalided out of the Army a few months before the Armistice was signed. He was penniless, then, and spent most of his time at the house of the working-class parents of the girl he was engaged to marry. He got a job in those days as a clerk in a City financial house.

To-day, he runs three separate establishments, and maintains them with luxurious taste. At Gooding's Farm, Woodland St. Mary, near Newbury, which is a reconstructed old-world dwelling, standing in its own grounds, he gives lavish parties. Those invited to them often include famous and titled men and women.

On these occasions Mr. Rickett is no longer the abrupt, exacting City financier, but a kindly, genial host with a Puckish spirit of buffoonery. He shows his remarkable versatility by throwing himself whole-heartedly into any amusement, and one of his favourite gestures is to dress himself up in Eastern garb and impersonate one or other of the natives he has met in the course of his many journeys abroad.

An inveterate practical joker, when his implacable mask has been thrown aside, he has sometimes excelled himself by prankishly placing fruit on chairs to be occupied by selected guests, or by sending mischievous missives to cause fun, or by practising, with frenzied zeal, wild Eastern dances for the amusement of his friends.

One of his most favoured recreations is shooting, and he is a fine shot. He is also a keen farmer and agriculturist, and has lately been President of the Hungerford Fat Stock Show.

He is very popular with residents in the Newbury district and has latterly ridden with the Craven Hunt. He spends more time at Gooding's Farm than at his other two establishments, which are Amroth Castle, near Tenby, Wales (which he leased some time ago from Lord Kylsant), and an exquisitely furnished flat in Draycott Place, Chelsea, London, where he lives mostly when in town.

To-day, too, he has a residence in Baghdad and an office in Cairo.

He began the Abyssinian concession negotiations last Spring when there arrived at Gooding's Farm a number of dark-skinned Ethiopians. Some of them also visited Mr. Rickett's flat at Chelsea, and were seen with him at lunch and dinner at one of the most exclusive West End hotels.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Rickett sought interviews with four leading American financiers who were staying in London, and told them that he thought he could obtain from the Abyssinian Emperor a concession "embracing all the territory east of the line drawn from Lake Randolph, which lies to the south of the Empire, northwards through Hawash on the railway line to the Northern Frontier."

This, he maintains, is rich in oil and worth millions of pounds.

Secret talk

Mr. Rickett is the leading light of two limited liability companies named the Devonport Trust and the J.R. Syndicate, the second of which was formed to "search for, prospect, explore, acquire and develop concessions, mines, oilfields, etc." The first named of these has an authorised capital of £100,000, of which approximately £25,000 had been paid up at the date of the last available return, while the second has a fully paid up capital of £10,500.

Well, Mr. Rickett interested certain of these Americans in his project and, early in April, he flew to Paris, made his way to Cairo and thence to Addis Ababa, where he secretly conferred with several of the Emperor's most trusted representatives.

What he told them no one outside the members of these secret conferences can say. But when he came back to England, and held further interviews with his American associates, he was well advanced with his plans. The interested Americans, following further discussions with Mr. Rickett, went back to New York and, a few days later, Mr. Rickett journeyed once more to Addis Ababa.

At this stage in the negotiations he was genuinely anxious about his own safety, for developments in the Italian-Abyssinian dispute had grown very ominous indeed and, during his previous visits, he had found it necessary to work with the utmost caution. Before he left England he actually confided in relatives that he might never come back

Mr. Rickett, the "Mystery Man," we disclose some amazing facts. he is seen hunting—a favourite p his castle in Wale

—of ABYSSINIA

The Full TRUTH

...whom
...right
(left)

alive, but the reward he was to get if he brought off the deal was obviously too great to be lost.

And so it happened that, without first conferring with our Foreign Office — the proper and customary course for those to take who are seeking foreign concessions, and one particularly desirable in this case when serious international issues were involved — Mr. Rickett succeeded in getting the concession. It was granted in the early hours of one morning, when, by candle-light, the negotiators sat in a by-street tenement in Addis Ababa, where Mr. Rickett had been living like a fugitive in fear of his life.

Meantime, while he was in Abyssinia mysterious things were happening in New York. The African Exploration and Development Company was hurriedly formed by an American corporation that specialises in floating concerns anxious to conceal their real objects and the identity of their true sponsors.

Actually, the African Exploration and Development Company only came into existence to hide the identity of the American financiers with whom Mr. Rickett had been in communication in London.

The three "directors" of the African Exploration and Development Company—Arthur Britton, Sidney Williams and Vincent Westrup—in fact knew nothing of the plans which had been privately discussed, and have since turned out to be mere employees of the men who had been in touch with Mr. Rickett in London.

Why was it necessary to float a company in this way? The answer is a simple one. As those who have followed the developments of this amazing story know, the Washington State Department, by discreet investigation following the disclosure that Mr. Rickett was acting for a secret group of Americans, demanded to know what particular American interests were involved.

The three "dummy" directors of the African company were questioned, a step which led to the admission that the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company—although until the last moment the fact was strenuously denied—was the principal behind Mr. Rickett's deal.

At first they even went so far as to throw doubts on his concession!

But for the action of the British Foreign Office and the Washington State Department, the identity of the latter company might never have been revealed.

The truth is that the officials of the company only committed themselves in regard to the financial side of the concession *in the event of oil being found in commercial quantities, after a geographical survey.*

Speculation

In other words, if no oil was found no money would be paid for the concession at all. In that case the intermediary company would probably have ceased to function, and the names of the real negotiators with Mr. Rickett would have remained a lasting secret!

Actually, the value of the £10,000,000 concession is a matter of pure speculation, and we are not surprised to find that certain mining experts have great doubts as to whether there is ever likely to be oil in commercial quantities in the part of Abyssinia covered by the terms of the concession.

In fact, not long ago a geographical survey was carried out in Abyssinia by experts acting for a group of important American financiers who at that time were interested in a previous enterprise of a similar nature. After an investigation lasting a year and a half the concession was reported upon as being of no real value as oil was never likely to be drilled at all extensively!

In these circumstances it is gratifying to know that our Foreign Office has demanded a full enquiry in Abyssinia into the circumstances which led to this concession being granted, particularly when it has been suggested that the Emperor was urged to grant it because he believed this country would assist him in the present crisis.

Italian interests

The Abyssinian concession is the last of many that Mr. Rickett has sought since the Great War ended.

He played a leading part in the formation of the British Oil Development Company, Ltd., in 1928, "to acquire and develop concessions, mines, oilfields, mineral and other rights." He negotiated certain concessions in Iraq, and became for a time manager of this company.

In the course of his Iraq operations he spent much time in Italy, and after another company had been formed called Mosul Oilfields, Ltd., with a capital of over £2,000,000, the main interests of the British Oil Development Company passed to the latter, and it is now under Italian control.

Mr. Rickett has had nothing to do with either of these concerns for some considerable time and, a little less than two years ago, certain claims and demands he held against them were settled by the allotment to him of one hundred and sixty thousand shares.

With the Riffs

Several years ago he started a big sheep-farming venture in Patagonia and sought capital for it from investors. He supervised the farming himself, but it was not a success and he abandoned it.

After this he formed a syndicate to raise funds for the acquisition of certain concessions in Russia which related to the exportation of crude oil. He spent several months in Russia, but his efforts did not meet with success.

Once he tried to bring off a huge deal in Morocco with Abd-el-Krim, the famous Chief of the Riffs. He was aided in this by a former member of the British Intelligence Service. Again a private syndicate financed him, but the deal came to nothing and Mr. Rickett decided in the end to leave Morocco.

In many respects the circumstances of this particular phase of his mysterious career were similar to those surrounding his recent Abyssinian operations; for, at that time, a state of war existed between the Riffs and France.

It is impossible to give any idea of what financial benefit Mr. Rickett has derived from his astonishing operations, as most of the companies with which he has been or is associated are private ones, and thus no details of their inner finances are to be found in the official files at Somerset House.

At the moment this "Lawrence of Finance" is one of three directors of a recently registered private concern called the Anglo-Iraqui Transport Syndicate, Ltd. Its object is to search for and acquire concessions. One of his co-directors—with others who are interested in Mr. Rickett's concerns—is shown in the official files of the company as a director of another concession venture named the Consolidated Fur Farms, Ltd.

Wounded men

Our enquiries show that shareholders in this company invested money on the understanding that Consolidated Fur Farms, Ltd., held controlling interests in chinchilla fur farms that represented a world-wide monopoly. Apparently the concession had been granted by the Bolivian Government, and its exploitation would become in due course a dominating influence in the fur trade. Unfortunately for the shareholders, the company did not achieve the successes that were originally prophesied.

Anglo-Iraqui Transport Syndicate, Ltd., was formed to exploit certain concessions which Mr. Rickett had obtained, and in connection with further concessions over which he was conducting negotiations. As an initial payment for services so far rendered several thousands of pounds were paid to him in fully paid shares.

It is now stated in Abyssinia that the chief reason for Mr. Rickett's presence there was connected with a gift of six Douglas airplanes, with a speed of two hundred miles an hour, which were to be used to carry wounded men, and medical supplies, in the event of war.

Mr. Rickett is stated to have said that he was acting for a private body, and intimated that his mission also related to the work of a syndicate which was raising money to conserve the water supply in the region of Lake Tsana and, further, to obtain information for a number of wealthy Egyptians who wished to aid Ethiopians if hostilities commenced.

Goats, too!

Among his other recent projects, which are of a varied character, is a goat-farming venture concerning which he has been striving lately to interest a number of his business friends.

This, then, is the full truth about the amazing Mr. Rickett of Abyssinia. It explains why, as we can now disclose, the British Foreign Office has for years been closely watching some of his mysterious expeditions in search of foreign concessions. And why it considers it worth while to probe still further the full facts behind his latest sensational exploit in Abyssinia.

ENJOY YOUR LEISURE

Healthy appetites are best served with HOVIS Take a few sandwiches with you when out in the open But be sure they are

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and not just BROWN

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort
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The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
and notice the difference!
CB/93/22

Two Husbands Claimed Me

"He thrust the newspaper before me and I read tremblingly those headlines"

'John Bull' Readers' Stories

I WAS staring into a shop-window wondering whether to buy some cakes for tea when I realised that I did not know where I lived. I thought idly for a moment, and could gain no mental picture of the table, or the room, where the cakes would presently be placed. And then I was suddenly frightened.

I thought to myself, "But this is silly! You must pull yourself up. You're Mrs. —Miss—Viola——" and found that there was nothing in my mind but sickness and terror. I could neither remember who I was nor where I lived.

I can see myself now, peering into the window at the reflection there of a thirtyish-fortyish and pleasant enough woman. That was how I saw myself, meeting myself for the first time. There seemed to be a dim memory of having got off a 'bus, and beneath my glove I could see the vague crease of a wedding ring. But my name? My address?

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NOW thoroughly shocked and afraid, I went into the shop and ordered some tea. I wanted to think things over, but hardly had I given my order than I realised I might not have the money to pay for it. You can imagine my relief when I opened my bag—it was a rather nice blue leather bag matching my costume and looked as if it might have cost a guinea or more—and found there four pound notes and a good deal of silver. Desperately, then hoping for some clue to my identity, I rummaged out the other contents.

A silver compact, a lipstick, a mirror, an old pocket comb, a tube to mend laddered stockings, a little blue pencil, a nail-file, some cleaning tissue and a crumpled list of groceries. Nothing more.

I stacked them all up in front of me, and turned the lining of the bag inside out. Oh, yes, there was something else. An old visiting card, dirty and half torn, folded in two, and even a little greasy, fell from a fold of the material.

"Alec Hilary," it read (I do not give the actual name, of course), with an address at Hampstead and a telephone number. Oh, the inexpressible relief of finding that card! It made everything so simple. I had but to telephone and explain my awful situation. And yet . . . .

No sooner had I seen the simplicity of it than I felt doubtful of myself. Alec Hilary! Was I Mrs. Hilary? I didn't think so. I didn't know. I knew the name, I thought—and yet it somehow seemed ominous and gloomy. Dangerous—that was the word!

"I had better go to the police," I thought, sipping my tea. But I shrank from that, too. Wouldn't there be a lot of publicity, one's photograph in the papers. I seemed to remember reading a story of a man who had lost his memory and had been sent to an infirmary. Or had it been a woman—myself?

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PERHAPS I had had . . . previous attacks. Supposing—supposing—the thought intruded itself though it seemed preposterous and impossible—I had escaped from an asylum.

I sat there torturing myself with these awful possibilities. A thousand and one imaginings rose before me. I might be the mother of several children. I might be famous and rich. Or poor—although I looked at myself in the teashop mirror and thought, "No, not too poor." My absence might already have been reported and perhaps the police were looking for me. Perhaps some crime . . . .

Oh, the awfulness of that hour when I did not know my friends, did not know my world, did not know myself. Finishing my tea I bought a paper and walked up and down looking through it for several moments, striving to find some news of a missing woman. Till finally I was almost laughing hysterically at myself. Of course, I was behaving ridiculously. I had but to 'phone the Hampstead number and ask a question or two to get some better idea of my bearings.

I twisted the two pennies into the box and a man's voice answered. "Hello," I said, doubtfully.

But his tones were sure and clear, and seemed to recognise me. "Hello! Where are you, Viola? What's the matter? I'd just got the car ready and you didn't seem to be anywhere about. Anything wrong?"

That voice—his voice—a dear voice—I knew it and loved it. Viola—yes, that was certainly my name. I knew instinctively that I did not wish to hurt the man behind this confident voice at the other end of the line. I wanted to shield him. No need to tell him my trouble, to harass him.

"I've been shopping," I said.

"Well, pet, what a fine time to go shopping. Here's the car been waiting this half-hour to thrust off our worries and sweep us away."

"I'm coming just as soon as I can," I told him. Worries! Sweeping us away! I saw now that there had been something to snap my nerves and brain. Well, I would say nothing. We were being "swept away"—a holiday, it seemed.

Probably I should recover, and remember during the peace and rest of it. There would be no sense in spoiling it all. Yes, I knew this much—that I might spoil it all if I told the truth, if I did not conceal my anxiety and ignorance.

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I TOOK a taxi to Hampstead. I make no bones about it—I was anxious to see this man of mine. But what a strange adventure it was—what an astonishing and inexplicable voyage of exploration. When the taxi dropped me, I only vaguely recognised the building. I looked at the brass plates and saw the name "Hilary" for Flat Four.

A little sports car was standing at the kerb—some cases packed into the back. I went doubtfully up the stairs, remembering I had no key in my bag.

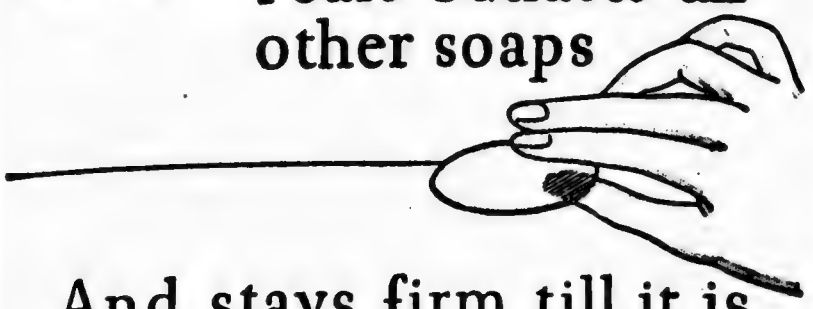
But there was no need for keys. The flat door was open. A little hall. The glimpse of a reception room, and a fireplace with two deep leather chairs. Familiar, and yet. . . .

A man came from a room on the right suddenly and took me in his arms. I wanted to gasp. I wanted to hit out. "Lord," he said, "you little bounder—

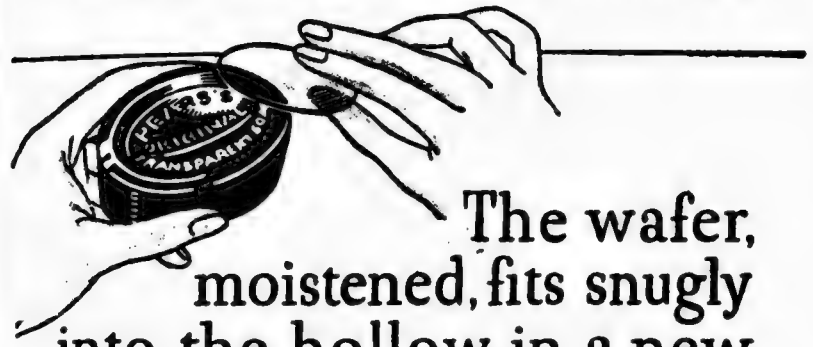
(Continued on page 24)

ECONOMY

Pears outlasts all other soaps



And stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness



The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake & becomes part of it. There is thus no waste with Pears.

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT

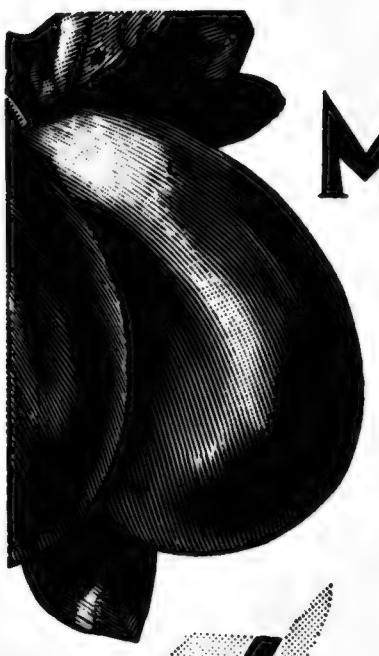
REDUCED TO 4½D UK only

Matchless for the complexion

TP. 246/364

PEARS—Your guarantee of better shaves

Pears **Jif** *Stick or Cream* FOR SHAVING 6D CREAM ALSO IN 1/- SIZE



My, what plums for

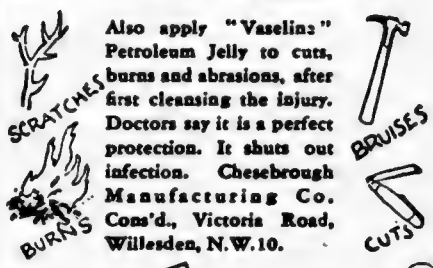
BIRDS

THE FAVOURITE CUSTARD WITH FRUIT

How Anne found Romance Through a beauty tip-

– AND WHEN HE SAID THAT ABOUT THE HEROINE I FELT AWFUL BECAUSE MY HANDS ARE SO ROUGH AND RED
WELL, WHY NOT DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT? LET ME SHOW YOU

WHY! IT'S "VASELINE" JELLY
OF COURSE! RUB A LITTLE INTO YOUR HANDS EVERY NIGHT AND THEY'LL BE SMOOTH AND WHITE IN NO TIME – THIS 4½D JAR LASTS AGES



Also apply "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly to cuts, burns and abrasions, after first cleansing the injury. Doctors say it is a perfect protection. It shuts out infection. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, N.W.10.

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TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH Capsules stop wheezing, choking, gasping; make breathing easy; end everlasting cough! cough! cough! enable you to work and sleep in comfort. Safe relief, quickly. In capsules, easy to swallow. Prove RAZ-MAH in your own case. Buy a 3/– or 5/– packet from your chemist; or, for free trial, write Templeton Co., Dept. AB, 80 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

TWO HUSBANDS CLAIMED ME—*Continued from page 22*

When My Memory Returned

I thought you were going to disappoint me." He held me at arm's length. So obviously he possessed full rights over me. "I say," he commented, "I like that outfit of yours."

I had not said anything. I felt that I wanted to cry. He saved me with another question. "Shopping!" said he, "what a thing to do. Well, what did you buy?"

"I bought—" I answered, and now it was my turn to act. "Well, what a fool I am. I must have left the parcel in the taxi. Oddments and things. . ."

"Taxi!" he exclaimed, "well, that's a good beginning. Are you all ready otherwise?"

"All ready," I replied.

"Half a tick. I just want to collect some maps."

I walked into the main room, and the first thing I saw was my photograph on the mantelpiece with an inscription "To my darling," it said. On the mantelpiece, too, was a vase of flowers, the womanly touch, I thought. And then he was behind me, and looking over my shoulder.

"Yes, they're arranged very well," he remarked, as if reading my thoughts. And I looked up at him. So this man was my husband—smelling of tobacco, dressed in tweedy plusfours, with curly hair and a catching smile. "Come on," he said, "we won't get there before nightfall."

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I CAN hear now every word of his conversation. Much of my former life is still misty and cloudy, obscured by that extraordinary shadow that had fallen on me for an hour or two in a time of mental strain and had obliterated all the past as if it had never been. "Did you hand over Dora?" he asked, when we were on the road.

I hardly knew what to answer, but it seemed an affirmative was demanded. He seemed satisfied with that. "I'm going to have a pretty wife for the next fortnight," he presently murmured.

"I hope I'm always pretty," I ventured.

From then on we played an extraordinary cat-and-mouse game of conversation. I tried from his tone and expression to judge what reply was expected. "You've no regrets?" he asked once.

"Of course not, dear." That seemed to be my gambit.

"You're talking just a little bit queerly," he explained; "I wondered."

"To tell the truth, I'm so excited at the holiday, I hardly know what I am talking about——"

Gradually I discovered we were on the way to Brighton. Knowing so little, it seemed to me a mad and amazing adventure. I felt like a character in a novel. Every now and then I thought to myself: "Really, you must tell the truth, you must speak out." But I didn't. Some seed of self-excuse reassured me that I did not want to spoil the holiday.

Yes, it was an amazing adventure. The rooms were reserved at the hotel at Brighton. The porter brought up the cases. There were three—two obviously feminine and mine. He opened his from a key on a chain in his waistcoat pocket, and seemed to expect me to open mine. I felt hopeless . . . and disconcerted . . . this hotel bedroom . . . this closeness . . . and still he seemed to be so strange.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten my keys."

"Dear—oh, dear," he remonstrated. "What a noodle. Let's try some of mine. Otherwise, we'll get the porter."

◇◇◇◇◇◇

HE experimented with his keys. One case, the larger, flew open. There was a little soap and flannel pack—some lingerie—slippers—nighties. Yes, I knew these clothes were mine.

And now he was kissing me, taking me once more in his arms, kissing me again and again. It seemed rather absurd and ridiculous—from a husband—that ardour. I pushed him away.

"Really," I cried, "you must let me get unpacked." I was blushing furiously as I bent to my case. I picked up a slip and shook it out. Just by the shoulder-strap was a laundry mark and an initial, "V. B."

There was something inexplicably, incredibly wrong. My name was supposedly Viola Hilary. But that "B" was certainly no other letter.

I made the excuse about having to go down to the end of the corridor and got out of the room somehow. This man was not my husband. I saw that plainly enough now. I saw, too, that I had arranged to go away with him.

The worry and the stress—yes, it had been the strain of making up my mind—wondering whether to take the decisive step. That photograph was mine—I had arranged the flowers—but it was a lover's home and not a husband's. I felt that I should go back and explain to . . . Alec. I felt, too, that I should go to the police, after all.

I compromised. I asked to see the manager. I explained, haltingly, stammering, the bewildering story. And he heard me through. "Madame," he said, "but for a small chance I should never have believed you——"

"I know! I know! But truly I'm speaking the truth. I don't know who I am. I've plainly arranged to go away with this man—this man upstairs. But I ought to see my husband. I don't know what I may be doing." I was trembling into tears. I felt all my self-control ebbing away.

He was a man of the finest tact. "I know, I know. I quite understand. I know who you are——"

"You know?"

"I should never have believed you had I not just glanced at the evening paper. You see—please——"

He thrust it before me and I read tremblingly those headlines: "Child Discovers Mother's Disappearance." Dora Benson! Viola Benson! Husband was on business in Manchester, but returns. . . .

Dora! I saw her dear little face, and cried at last. I knew that there had been quarrels and arguments with my husband ever since Alec had arrived on the scene, but I knew now that I must plead my husband's forgiveness for the sake of my child.

The hotel manager came up with me to help me to explain to Alec. "But, my dear," he cried, "why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you say? I thought something was wrong—but just fancied you were still worrying."

It all came out then. I had arranged to leave Dora with a friend for a fortnight while I went away for a rest cure at Bournemouth, supposedly with a girl friend. Oh, all the shabby details of plotting and deceit—they all came out.

I began to find myself again. Looking back to that amazing rebirth, I know that I found both my better self, my husband and my child, more truly and profoundly than these words can tell.

"The Greatest of These —"

Pawn Everything

JOHN, who is approaching his seventh birthday, is the eldest of three boys.

John

Their ex-Service dad is in despair, for he has been out of work, with the exception of a month or a week now and again, for four years.

"My husband is one of the best," his wife told us. "He walks miles after a job, but everywhere he goes he is told he is too old, because he is forty-five, but he has the energy to do anything, especially in the engineering line."

John's mother underwent a serious operation a year ago, and has not been strong since.

Her three little boys have been very ill with bronchitis and lung trouble. John has practically recovered, but the two younger boys, especially the baby, are still in poor health.

John's dad receives 31s. 6d. a week unemployment benefit—9s. goes in rent.

In order to provide the little boys with the food and medicine they required during their illness, their mother had to pawn everything, even to her wedding ring and bedding.

"I do not know which way to turn," she said. "I feel hopeless because another baby is coming along in January.

Their doctor states that they are in a sad position, and badly in need of help. That is why we turn to those of our readers who are never tired of dipping their hands in their pockets to relieve genuine want, who are "very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

Donations earmarked "John," or sent for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We acknowledge with grateful thanks receipt of registered letter from Workington reader.

Race with "Silver Ring"

BACK-END DOUBLE

LOOKING for rods in pickle in the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire is the racing man's pastime now the weights have appeared.

At first glance I cannot perceive anything thrown in in either of the big back-end events. Doreen Jane (7 st. 12 lb.) and Hoplite (8 st. 12 lb.), two of my fancies for the long-distance events, seem to be fairly treated. I propose to add to them the French-bred Tommaok, a son of Grand Guignol. He finished fifth to Doreen Jane in the Ascot Stakes, giving 19 lb. In the Cesarewitch he conceded 5 lb.

My reason for including Tommaok is that he stays for ever, and I understand that he is to have a special preparation for the race.

Law Court (7 st. 12 lb.) and Theft (9 st. 1 lb.) are O.K. for the Cambridgeshire. I do not blame Theft for falling on the Ostend roundabouts. Gordon Richards says he was badly bumped. Moreover, a mile and three furlongs is not his distance. Theft is a miler, but he may get the Cambridgeshire nine furlongs.

For the long-shot double-event backers I am adding Monico (7 st. 6 lb.) and Law Buckland (7 st. 8 lb.) to Theft and Law Court. Monico is another French-bred about whom I have had special information.

When Forseti won the Cesarewitch in 1925 and Masked Marvel took the Cambridgeshire it was a case of hats off to France. It may be the same this year, although Tommaok and Monico are now English-trained.

Popular Alexandra Park presents the chief racing this week-end. My selections are Wonston in the September Handicap, Sea Joy and Stage Coach.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

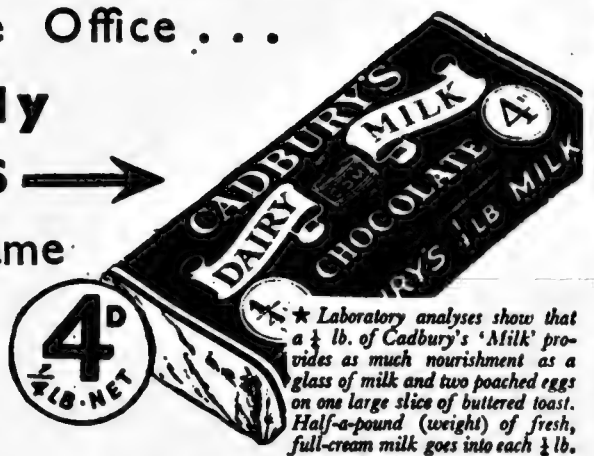
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 12, to Wednesday, September 18.

L V H J I 95 G E D W N 96 S O Y 97
R 98 T F 94 M P Q C X U Z 93 B A K

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: JRY95QUDB would read FLAMENCO. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. PL2UBLQ would read GREENORE.

Nobody takes Milk and Poached Eggs to the Office . . .

Everybody can take **THIS** ⟶ and get the same nourishment!



★ *Laboratory analyses show that a ¼ lb. of Cadbury's 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Half-a-pound (weight) of fresh, full-cream milk goes into each ¼ lb. of this chocolate.*

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE • *a most delicious food*

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I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"
Like so many of her friends, having found Palmolive so beneficial for her face, she has tried it as a bath soap. In its rich abundant *Olive Oil* lather she has discovered the ideal protection for her lovely arms and shoulders, for Palmolive beautifies while it cleanses.
PALMOLIVE
Millions of women since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment. Thus in using Palmolive Soap in your daily bath you give to your body the skin freshness and beauty that Palmolive brings to your face.
3d per tablet

£900 WON IN CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 319.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following ten competitors, who share the £750 offered :

L. A. Bailey, 8, Station Road, Ashley Down, Bristol; S. Barlow, "Daintree," Roundwood, Prestatyn, F. S. Carr, 69, Pingle Road, Sheffield 7; Mrs. C. C. Kennedy, 59, Beauchamp Road, Upper Norwood, S.E. 19; H. Lidyard, 64, Cemetery Road, Aberdare, Glam.; T. Meaghan, 636, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancs; Mrs. Pamplin, 2, Holly Hill Terrace, Erith, Kent.; Mrs. Riddiough, 16, Humboldt Street, Bradford; H. A. Robinson, 168, Old Lodge Lane, Purley, Surrey; J. Wilson, Baden Cotts., Plough Hill Road, Chapel End, nr. Nuneaton.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £75 will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 24, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 168 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive £1 7 10. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries for our Contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Surprise Awards were won by 642 competitors who submitted solutions containing three errors

Turn to Page 38 now for full details of this week's "John Bull" Crossword Offer and make up your mind to enter for the big prizes.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-

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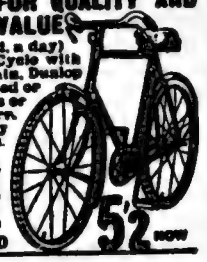
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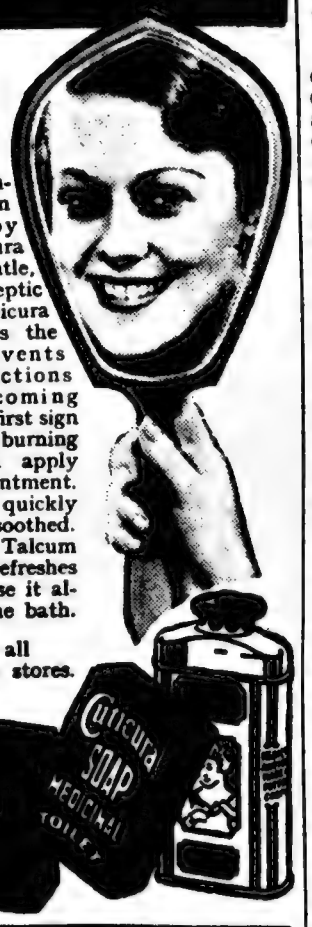

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS PROBED BY PHILIP INMAN

SHALL I Interfere?

There are occasions when it would be cowardly not to tell what one knows—especially if the future happiness of others is at stake

THERE are some slogans that can be interpreted in two ways. "Never interfere" is one of them. There are times when it is unwise, even dangerous, to meddle in the affairs of other people. There are other occasions when we are cowards if we neglect to do so.

Here is a letter from a correspondent who is in a quandary as to the course she should pursue. The question before her is—should she speak or remain silent? She writes:

"Four years ago, the wife of a young friend of mine died, leaving him with a baby just a few days old, a little girl of three and a boy of four and a half. They were a very devoted family and he felt his loss keenly.

"Two months ago he wrote to tell me he was engaged to 'a very sweet woman who will, I know, be a real mother to my darlings,' and he went on to say that he hoped they would have children of their own.

"Yesterday, he brought his fiancée to see me and we had a long talk together. Naturally, I asked her if she was fond of children. She replied emphatically that she was not, that she didn't intend to have any and that she was making arrangements for his 'brats' to be sent to school as soon as possible.

"I told her that I knew her future husband would never agree to such a plan. Her reply was that she and he were 'very good pals and all that, but he simply can't expect a woman who refuses to be bothered with kids of her own to have another woman's under her feet all the time.'

"I asked her if her fiancé had any idea of these views of hers, and she replied that they hadn't discussed it. I advised her to acquaint him before the marriage, just in case they might make a difference.

"She replied that she wasn't going to risk losing him and that after they were married he would realise that it was better for everybody for the children to be kept out of her way.

"All my life I have steadfastly refused to interfere in other people's lives, except to help when it was asked. But I am wondering whether I ought not to do something now, not only for the children's sake, but for the sake of a young man (he is only thirty-five now) who is wrapped up in his home and his family.

"Would you advise me to tell him the truth—or to let the marriage go on without speaking?

"I would be so grateful for an unbiased opinion. I was very fond of the children's mother. I couldn't bear to see her little ones neglected or resented."

NOW I would put this question to my correspondent: If she saw someone stepping in front of an oncoming motor-car, would she try to stop them? Of course she would. That young man is in danger of losing his future happiness. And the consequences are not confined to himself alone, but to his three young children.

My correspondent knows that his views and those of his fiancée are in direct conflict. She tried to induce the latter to be perfectly frank about the convictions she holds. But in that attempt she failed

I think, therefore, her course is quite clear. She is an old friend of this man and of his first wife. She is obviously, too, a lover of children. She should therefore talk to him on these lines.

"I have no wish to interfere. I have never done so in my life before. But knowing your love of home and your feelings about children I think you should ask your young lady if she shares your ideas."

If he wants to know why she is talking that way, I would tell him simply and straightforwardly what she has told me. It may be that, in spite of everything, he will persist with the marriage. But if he does so it will be with his eyes open. And my correspondent could never be taunted with "You ought to have told me."

My next letter is brief, but very much to the point. Here, again, the happiness of a home is in jeopardy. This correspondent says:

"My sister has been happily married for twelve years and she has two nice kiddies, a comfortable home and her husband is in a good position. Now another sister and I have been told that our brother-in-law has been going out with a married woman for more than twelve months.

"At first we would not believe it, but we have found it to be only too true. It gave us a terrible shock, as we always thought he was the soul of honour.

"What are we to do about it? If his wife should hear, I don't know what will happen and there are always people ready to tell such things. She loves him dearly, but she would never tolerate anything of that kind.

"We have no father or mother, so do you think it is our duty to tell her? We will anxiously await your reply."

My correspondent says that she and her sister know that the accusation against their brother-in-law is true. I take it they have definite proof of the fact and, therefore, can substantiate it, if necessary. In that event I think their first course is to see their brother-in-law.

They can point out that they are concerned about the happiness of their sister and the two children. That will give him an opportunity of explaining his conduct. He may have a good answer to the charge. Failing that, he may resolve, now others know of his association, that it is high time he put an end to it.

If he values his wife and his children, that is the decision he will take. If so, all will be well and there would be no need to go any further in the matter.

BUT if he is unrepentant and expresses his intention to continue the guilty relationship, then I think his wife should be informed. That would serve two purposes. She might have more influence with him than her sisters. In any case, the disclosure would come better from her own folk than from outsiders.

I hope that for the sake of those "two nice kiddies and that comfortable home" this man will reconsider his mode of life and mend his ways.

The girl who writes my next letter is in a desperately difficult position. If she speaks, she stands the risk of losing her young man. If she remains silent and her suspicions are well founded, there is likely to be serious trouble ahead.

"I am engaged," she says, "to a young man who works at a grocer's shop in the town. Some time ago he started to bring me boxes of chocolates and fancy biscuits. He explained his generosity by saying that he was able to buy them at wholesale prices through his firm.

"His gifts became more numerous and when I tried to persuade him to save his money, he seemed hurt and said that other girls would be glad of them.

"He has told me how much he is earning and I realise that he cannot afford to buy me these things out of his wages, even at cost prices.

"I am very worried, as in my heart I am sure he cannot be paying for them. I love him very dearly and it would break my heart for him to get into trouble or lose his job on my account.

"On the other hand, if I tax him with it he will probably resent my suspicion and break off the engagement. Please could you tell me what I ought to do?"

WELL, now, this young fellow is either a knave or a fool. If he is paying for these gifts he is squandering his money when he should be saving for his marriage and future home. An occasional box of chocolates is right and proper—quantities of them is wasteful extravagance. But the trouble seems far more serious. His girl tells me that on his money he can't possibly be paying for these things. Then it is no use mincing words. He is deliberately stealing them and there is only one end to that kind of thing.

Now my correspondent has already told me that she would rather not accept all his gifts. She must return to the attack. Tactfully, but firmly, she should tell him her suspicion. She can start in this way: "You have told me what you earn—how do you manage to pay for all my presents?"

She can remind him that frankness between engaged couples is the best guarantee of future happiness. "It is because I love you dearly," she can say, "that I am talking in this way."

If he cares in return he will start at once to play the game. If he does not, then the sooner the engagement is broken off the better.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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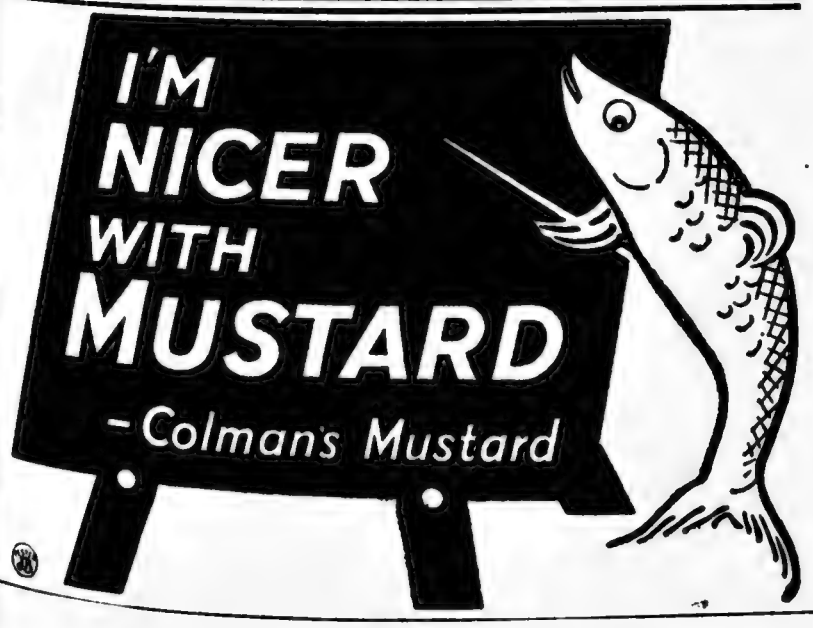

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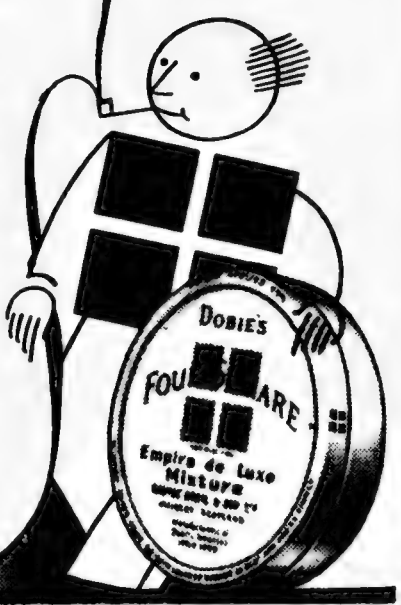
All blends are Medium strength. Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. and 2-oz. vacuum tins.



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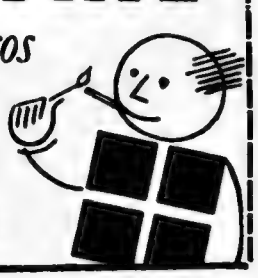

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WAR over Haig . .

One of the rejected Haig statues which began the controversy following the great soldier's death

BY granting an interim interdict in the Edinburgh Court of Session restraining Lady Haig from publishing "The Man I Knew," a book about her own husband, because it was alleged she had infringed the copyright of his war diaries, Lord Carmont last week added the latest chapter to the war of controversy which still rages round the memory of Field-Marshal Earl Haig.

For seven years now a bitter war over Haig has gone on, and one may well wonder where it is all going to end.

The dour Border soldier who led Britain's armies to victory on the Western Front was laid to rest amid the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey in February, 1928. His memory has been allowed little peace since then.

The first of these regrettable controversies began directly he was dead, when the question of providing a national memorial to him was discussed in the Commons. Mr. Baldwin, as Premier, after paying customary tributes to Haig's memory, moved to vote money for a monument. Mr. MacDonald, as leader of the Opposition, declared a statue was all right in its way, but urged the Government to grant a large sum of money to establish a fund to help distressed ex-soldiers.

* * *

THE Government would not hear of it, so Mr. MacDonald divided the House—and was, of course, beaten. But the idea of a memorial fund was taken up and established by voluntary contributions. The Labour Party, nevertheless, quite unfairly, was accused of trying to turn Haig's death to its own political advantage. Quite a deal of bitter feeling remained from the incident.

But this incident was as nothing compared with the storm which broke over the statue which the Government decided to put up as the actual memorial to Haig.

That statue has never yet been seen by the public.

Early in 1929 the Office of Works asked three sculptors to submit designs for the London statue. After much pother and discussion a model by Mr. A. F. Hardiman was approved by a committee of experts specially set up by the Government.

This model was photographed and made public. Instantly a tremendous storm broke. Haig's Chief of Staff said it was "deplorable." General Sir Edward Bethune sneered at the horse, which "looked as though it had been fattened on turnips."

The Haig family declared it could not recognise its most illustrious member, and wrote to the *Times* saying so. Lady Haig herself was most disappointed. The British Legion protested vigorously.

All this trouble now descended on poor George Lansbury's head, as he had become Commissioner of Works in the 1929 Labour Government. Trying to pacify everyone, he ordered a larger and amended model from Mr. Hardiman, at a cost of £500.

This was received a little more kindly, though one acknowledged expert on horses criticised the Field-Marshal's charger as "a fiddle-headed, peacocky, weak-kneed, long-backed, straight-shouldered, herring-gutted useless beast," and drew from Mr. Hardiman the reply that his was an idealised horse and not an imitation of a real one.

Lady Haig refused to like the second model, however. "No statue at all rather than this one," she declared, and her verdict carried so much weight that Mr. Hardiman had to try again.

The third model, after a deal more trouble was approved.

So Mr. Hardiman got to work.

Since then silence—except for the still small voice of Mr. Ormsby-Gore, First Commissioner of Works, raised in the Commons on February 6 this year to announce that the "full clay model of the Earl Haig memorial statue is now practically completed, and it will, I hope, be possible to proceed to the plaster cast."

And so perhaps the "full clay model" still stands in Mr. Hardiman's studio in St. John's Wood. Or does the plaster cast stand draped in ghostly sheeting in some repository of the Office of Works, some dark cellar of Whitehall? Has all that £10,700 been spent yet, because Mr. Hardiman has certainly received nothing like that sum? Perhaps, when Parliament reassembles, Mr. Ormsby-Gore will tell us, if some M.P. is bold enough to ask him.

Lady Haig, who has devoted herself to the British Legion, so beloved by her husband, ever since his death, has been drawn time and again into the cycle of controversy.

In 1932 she and her children were forced to let Bemersyde, the ancestral home of the Haigs, which was given him by the nation after the war. Death duties and the heavy cost of improvements at Bemersyde begun by her husband before his death had crippled the family finances. So Lady Haig retired to apartments in Hampton Court Palace, put at her disposal by the King.

* * *

FROM here she has continued ceaselessly in her work for her husband's old comrades, never shirking what she felt "HE" would have wished, though it led her into many disputes.

The meanness of the Means Test roused her anger. "It is most scandalous that a man's wound pension given to him as a reward by his country should be interfered with under the Means Test," she burst out during a speech in Edinburgh. She felt that Haig would have "done something" about this. She tried—and failed.

But her worst ordeal came when Lloyd George published his famous fourth volume of "War Memoirs" in October last year. The central theme of this book was a scathing indictment of Haig, and an exposition of the fact that Haig and not the author was responsible for the "prolonged horror" of the four months' "battle of the mud" at Passchendale.

Mr. Lloyd George was completely outspoken and downright in his attack. Instantly, Haig's champions rushed in to reply. Generals, colonels, majors—even privates produced their evidence: Haig was as great a man as ever stepped, had not Lloyd George said so in the House of Commons immediately after the war when proposing a grant of £100,000 to further the Earldom already bestowed on the victorious commander?

And now there is being written yet another chapter in the war over Haig. . . .

When Haig died, three trustees were left in charge of the Field-Marshal's papers—Lady Haig, Major-General Hugo Douglas De Bee and Major-General Bertie Drew Fisher. Naturally, they decided that some sort of an official biography was necessary. Happily, lots of material existed. Haig was a most industrious diarist.

* * *

IN 1933 the trustees decided to entrust Mr. A. Duff-Cooper with the task of writing his biography; they placed the diaries at his disposal; they appealed in the *Times* for documents to be placed at his disposal. After the Lloyd George attack the scope and character of the book were altered to answer the charges in detail.

But Lady Haig felt that this was not enough. She felt that she must defend her man. So she planned to write "The Man I Knew," drawing on her own copy of the war diaries for certain passages and incidents.

Her fellow-trustees felt that her book infringed their copyright in the diaries, on which Mr. Duff-Cooper was depending for his narrative. And so they have obtained their interim interdict—and their action against Lady Haig and her publishers will soon be tried in Edinburgh.

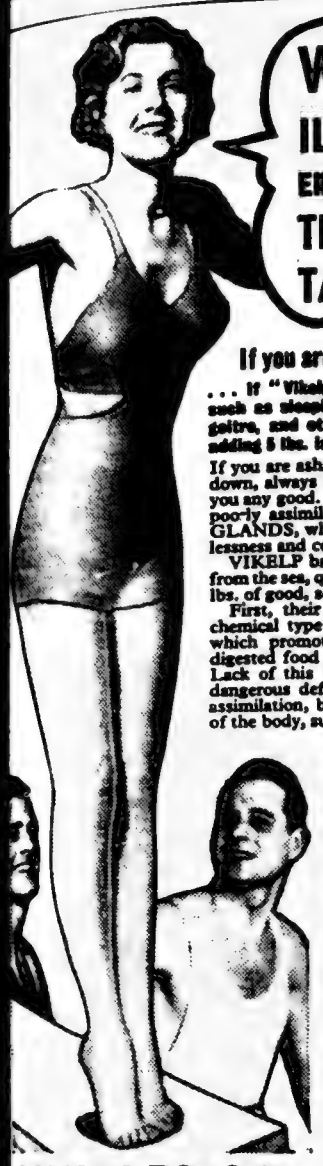
And even this is not the end. Mr. Duff-Cooper's manuscript is being published in part in a Sunday newspaper. Some of Haig's criticisms of the man he displaced, the Earl of Ypres (better known as Sir John French), have been published. And Lord Ypres' son has replied, defending his father.

Does this mean that a new batch of controversies is to start? Let us hope not. Haig and French were great and devoted soldiers. They had their faults and failings. But they served their country faithfully. They deserve better of us than to have their dirty linen washed in public.

Let us leave them enshrined in the affections of the men who fought with them and suffered with them—men who can still say of Haig: "He was a knight without fear and without reproach, and still his name and fame remain unchallenged."

LAST DAYS FOR £2,500.

The *Daily Herald's* snapshot competition, in which the first prize is £2,500, is in its closing stages. There will be a free entry form in the *Daily Herald* until Saturday, September 21, and all entries must be received by Tuesday, September 24. So hurry—and remember, an eleventh-hour entry may carry off the £2,500 free.



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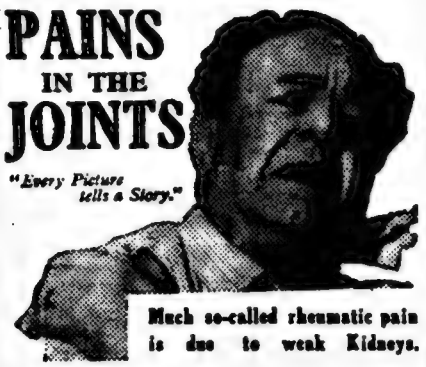
PAINS IN THE JOINTS



Much so-called rheumatic pain is due to weak Kidneys.

HOW CRIPPLING rheumatic pains can be. Sleep is broken and you are afraid to move. Improved weather sometimes helps, but the way to ensure good health is to take Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This medicine stimulates weak kidneys, enabling them to filter from the blood the excess uric acid which causes so much rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, backache and urinary disorder.

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Mr. R. Jones, 241, New Town, Ashford, Kent, says:—"For two years I was literally deformed with rheumatism in my hands and feet. So violent were the pains in my back that I had to be helped to move. Most of the time I lay in bed propped up with pillows. The excretions were disordered.

"But I am well now and my case is a triumph for Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Hundreds in Ashford did not expect me to recover.

(*Signed*) R. Jones."

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They know (for they are in touch with the latest developments in medical practice) that recent X-ray tests and medical research have proved the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest-acting and the most effective known to medical science.

Make sure that your next attack of stomach pain or discomfort, whatever the cause, finds you prepared to stop it *within five minutes*. Get a 1/3d. bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist *now*. Ask for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA and you will get what you need—there is only *one* 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

A Briton *in the* BREACH

HONOUR to whom honour is due—even when the individual happens to be a Briton! For in these days the tendency is to say little about the good that is in Britain and much about the bad.

Not enough attention, we think, has been paid to a recent incident that took place on the Continent, where one man upheld the traditional reputation of our nation for humanitarianism, and in so doing achieved a result that may influence for the better the treatment of the prison population of far more countries than his own.

The incident to which we refer took place at the 11th International Penal Congress recently held in Berlin.

The conference was attended by delegates from more than 30 nations, including Great Britain, the U.S., all the European Powers—and even Afghanistan. There were 450 German Nazi delegates and 270 delegates from abroad.

Scots reformer

The British delegation, numbering fewer than twenty, went under Lord Polwarth, former president of the Scottish Prison Commission, and Mr. Alexander Paterson, H.M. Commissioner for Prisons. Since Lord Polwarth was vice-president he could take no part in the proceedings, and the active leadership fell to Mr. Paterson, another Scot.

Mr. Paterson has a world reputation as a prison reformer. Fifty years of age, he has been Director of Convict Prisons since 1922, and more than any other man he has inspired the humanitarian spirit of British post-war prison reform.

After a brilliant career at Oxford, he went to Bermondsey as an elementary school teacher, and in 1914 he joined up as a private in a Bermondsey battalion. For many years, too, he has been connected with the Borstal Association, and he pioneered in the reform of our treatment of young offenders.

Such was his reputation that after the famous Dartmoor "mutiny," Mr. Paterson was sent there as temporary governor, and quickly restored the prison to peace and order.

Now in Berlin he has added to his fame for quiet courage and humanitarian principles. The foreign delegates have gone home full of his praise. We at home should be proud of him, too.

Mr. Paterson's fight was carried on against a report, drawn up by Judge Muller, of Amsterdam, a Nazi except in name, condemning all efforts to educate and reform prisoners.

"Is it not enough—"

"We know no humanitarian scruples so far as the criminal is concerned," declared Dr. Frank Reich, Commissar for Justice, welcoming the delegates, and Judge Muller's report obediently echoed this sentiment, declaring that prison should be a terrible place of retribution, not an agency trying to turn criminals into useful, honest citizens.

"I say no state is justified in throwing a man on the scrap-heap and leaving him there to rot!" challenged Mr. Paterson when Judge Muller's report came up for discussion. "British justice makes no difference between punishment and education in prison administration. Is it not enough punishment for a man to be torn from his wife and his family? We have no right to give up hope at any time about any prisoner."

His speech ended in dead silence. The German delegates were astounded: the foreign delegates waited to see how this bold challenge would be received.

Lawyers and officials from the Berlin Ministry of Justice whispered round the green baize table where Mr. Sanford Bates, chief delegate from the U.S., presided over this section of the congress. After a few minutes a great debate began. American, French and Belgian delegates rallied to Mr. Paterson's lead. German after German rose to defend Judge Muller's arguments. But their efforts were useless. Indeed, Dr. Waldman, whose resounding title is "Chief of the Scientific Department of the National Socialist German Jurists," could only defend concentration camps by declaring, "No honourable man will doubt our word when we say that the concentration camps are an educational system."

Finally, the session adjourned in confusion. Mr. Paterson had broken up the organisation by which the Germans hoped to steam-roller Judge Muller's report through by sheer weight of numbers, and so set the rubber stamp of world approval on their own treatment of prisoners.

Mr. Alexander Paterson leaving London for the Berlin Penal Congress, where he "added to his own and Britain's fame for courage and humanity"

Would not yield

But now Mr. Paterson's struggle began in real earnest. A drafting sub-committee was set up to try to reach a compromise on the Muller report.

Expert draftsmen juggled with phrases and words, trying to preserve the spirit of the report but to couch it in a form of words acceptable to Mr. Paterson and his friends.

Although he knew no German, Mr. Paterson patiently considered each new and subtle suggestion with the aid of an interpreter.

"No! I cannot accept that," was his verdict every time.

Adjournment followed adjournment. The Germans tried hard to persuade Mr. Paterson in private. Charming people, speaking faultless English, asked him to be kind enough to examine this or that proposition. They pleaded. They argued.

Quite imperturbable, absolutely polite, Mr. Paterson smiled and said, "No! I'm afraid not," just once again.

Finally, a vote was to be taken on this vital question of the treatment of prisoners. Obviously, Mr. Paterson and his friends would be beaten in sheer numbers by the German "big battalions." Therefore, they appealed to Mr. Sanford Bates, the chairman, for a vote by nations, as well as by numbers. Their appeal was granted.

Round the room stood black-uniformed SS. men, Hitler's special police. It was a committee room of the Reichstag building, spared by the fire which blazed Hitler's way to power, and in which part of the famous Reichstag fire trial took place.

Crucial vote

First came the vote by numbers. Naturally, the supporters of the Muller report swamped all opposition. It was a triumph for thorough German organisation.

Then the delegates waited for the crucial vote by nations. Ten nations rejected the Muller report and adopted a humanitarian amendment drafted on lines approved by Mr. Paterson. The United States voted with Britain, so did France, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Finland and Czecho-Slovakia.

Eight nations voted with Germany, including the other dictator-states, Italy, Hungary, Poland and Turkey.

Mr. Paterson had won.

Tumult broke out among the decorous delegates when the result was known. The Germans were shocked. Nazi principles had been voted down in Berlin! The victors were openly exultant, cruelty had been beaten. They asked the Congress officials what they meant to do about these two directly contradictory votes.

Unmoved

The officials could not say. They referred the whole matter in despair to Dr. Bumke, President of the whole Congress. He could not solve the dilemma either. And so the Congress ended, leaving this, its most important question, undecided.

The only man who seemed unmoved by the whole affair was Mr. Paterson. He went on a tour through Germany, interrupting it to write a letter to the *Times* defending Dr. Bumke from charges of partiality made against him, and mildly suggesting that his own victory should be described as "a drawn game."

The world will not think so. Wherever prison reformers meet for many years to come, Alexander Paterson will be honoured as the man who challenged the Dictatorships of the world and beat them with the words: "No state is justified in throwing a man on the scrap-heap and leaving him there to rot!"

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If you pay twice as much you won't find more pleasurable smoking, such unvarying dependability as Afrikander offers for 8d. an ounce.

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THOUSANDS of one-time hopeless sufferers, whose **asthma is now banished,** declare DO-DO the FINEST TABLET TREATMENT IN THE WORLD! As soon as swallowed they commence to give amazing relief, and ingredients found in no other single treatment for asthma banish further attacks. No case is too bad for DO-DO. Test this yourself (if you have not tried them), **by applying for 1/- PACKET FREE!** No winter asthma and chronic bronchitis IF YOU TEST OUT DO-DO **NOW.** No other remedy acts like DO-DO —THE FASTEST AND MOST ENDURING RELIEF MONEY CAN BUY! This offer is made for you **to prove this statement NOW.**

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COULD NOT KEEP ANY FOOD DOWN

Now Enjoys All His Meals

Gastric 'flu plays queer tricks with the stomach. Sometimes the weakness persists for weeks until the sufferer is on the verge of a breakdown through the continued strain. But Maclean Brand Stomach Powder seldom fails to effect a cure as thousands of letters testify. Read this one from Mr. W. T. H., of Bristol:

"About two years ago I was laid up with Gastric Influenza. After returning to work, thinking I had recovered, I began to suffer from Gastritis and Indigestion. I could not keep any food down.

"I was recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder by a friend, who had been a sufferer and benefited from it.

"I have now finished taking your powder—it having completely cured me. I am able to enjoy all my meals and have regained, in about one year, the 14 pounds in weight I had lost.

"Your powder is worth its weight in gold, and I do not fail to recommend it whenever possible."

If you suffer from any kind of stomach trouble Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will relieve it, but be sure you get the powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, in bottles in cartons. Never sold loose.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

URACE brand TABLETS have done my Rheumatism a lot of good—backache and stiffness have entirely gone. I can now move about with ease. Nurse J. K——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

CALENDARS for this week contain reference to three noteworthy events in British history that it is strange to see mentioned together. They read:

September 13—Bishop Brinkley died, 1835

September 14—Duke of Bedford died, 1435.

September 15—"Jumbo" died, 1885.

It is such a strange association of names that some people will think it slighting to the memory of two famous men to link them with an elephant.

But there is another way of looking at it—undoubtedly the right way. What a grip "Jumbo" must have had on the affection of animal-lovers the whole world over that he should still be remembered in this way, fifty years after his passing.

There have been many animals of world-fame in recent years, but none surely to emulate the popularity of this animal that first set the world loving elephants.

Public protest

When the news was made public that this favourite of children and grown-ups alike had been sold by the London Zoo authorities to a circus proprietor in America, every newspaper in the land published letters of bitter protest from the "Pro Bono Publicos" and "Fathers of Nine" of the country.

And when the day of "Jumbo's" departure arrived there were scuffles in the vicinity of Regent's Park that almost reached the dimensions of riots.

But it was when the cables from America brought news that the famous elephant had been run down and killed by a train that public dismay reached its peak. There were more angry letters, resolutions of protest galore, and if there had been any chance that "Jumbo" could have been brought back to life by such means, a monster meeting and petition would have been inevitable.

It is curious how an animal can win itself a niche in history that a Cabinet Minister might envy—the less so with an animal like Rin-tin-tin, the film dog that earned a quarter of a million pounds and a reputation so wide that there are now dogs answering to the name of Rin-tin-tin in every country in the world, than with those that lived in pre-kinema days.

Take the case of Pelorus Jack. No need to enter into any argument as to whether he was animal or fish.

Any old-time sailor who has sailed the Southern Seas will tell you how, as his ship sailed through perilous waters on its way to Sydney Harbour, a curious monster appeared before the bows and guided the ship safely to port with more unerring navigational sense than any modern automatic pilot could show.

Sea story

An ancient shark, some sailors said he was. Gratitude to mankind for rescuing him from a bigger shark was one of the reasons offered for his curious affection for seamen.

Others described him as a porpoise—which was probably nearer the truth, seeing that porpoises are often known to disport themselves before the bows of a ship.

The most superstitious of all seafaring men spoke of it whisperingly as the only thing of its kind in the world.

He first set the world loving elephants. "Jumbo," most popular of all animals, at the London Zoo

Animals that Never Die!

But they all called him Pelorus Jack, and his name will probably be remembered as long as there is a ship in sail.

A dog that won just as much world-fame as Rin-tin-tin, but without the advantageous aid of the kinema, was Cæsar, the dog that broke his heart over the death of his royal master, King Edward VII.

No human friend meant more to the King than he. Shooting, yatching, fishing, motoring—wherever the King was, there also was Cæsar.

The Prince of Wales' treasured cairn that even travels with the Prince by aeroplane has won a part of Cæsar's popularity—but it is nothing more than a hundredth part.

There are many other animals that will long be remembered, even if the fiftieth anniversary of their deaths is not commemorated in the calendars.

There is the famous White Horse of Wembley, still alive, whose cool and calm obedience to his policeman-master when the crowds got out of hand at the first Cup Final in Wembley Stadium did more than any other thing to avert a terrible disaster costing many lives.

In every country in the world the story of the White Horse was featured in words and pictures.

There was Consul, the brainiest of all chimpanzees, who used to drive a car in the streets, ride a bicycle, dine at table with human beings without committing the slightest mistake in etiquette, and generally showed himself the nearest-to-human of all the animal kingdom.

Then there was Mascot, the calculating horse, who could add, subtract and divide sums given to him by any human questioner, and who—even if there was a trick in it—showed so much cleverness and sagacity in other directions that he deserved the fame he attracted in fifty different countries.

And who—on the slender grounds that a bird is not strictly an animal—will forget "Old Jack," the V.C. pigeon, and a hero of that last of all battles of the Great War that brought victory to the Allies.

You will see his stuffed body to-day in the Royal United Services Museum, in Whitehall.

The Monster

It was he who was released behind the German lines by a British spy who was in hourly danger of discovery—and death. Attached to him was a message giving all the Allies wanted to know about the crumpling German morale.

He flew into his loft with the fateful message—and then dropped dead, fatally wounded by a bullet that had shattered his leg as he flew across the German lines.

Nor can the original "Boxing Kangaroo" be left out of any list of animals that have won world-wide fame.

As many who have actually tasted his straight-left can testify, he has given more proof of his actual existence than that most famous of all creatures, the Loch Ness Monster, of whom we have no more evidence than a picture showing a smudge on the waters.

If ever he really turns out for full inspection—tails, fins, humps, head and whiskers complete—he will so set the world humming that history may talk of him 500 and even 5,000 years hence.

But perhaps he never will. In that case we shall be content to regard as the most world-famous animal ever the elephant "Jumbo," whose fame has at least outlived him by fifty years.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

DAILY MIRROR:—"The captain SPILT a finger while fielding."

EVENING NEWS:—"They were just as much 'The Thing' as silk TOPERS at the Eton and Harrow match."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"... that both sides of the question should have BEES put before the public."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"The brigade band played selections and a local orchestra PRAYED for dancing."

EVENING WORLD, BRISTOL:—"The FRIENDS for this outing have been given by various Trades Unions."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"Eight speakers pleaded from their individual angles for a united front in the cause of PEASE."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"... who trains at Middleham, has had to cancel 20 engagements for his HOSES at the three-day Stockholm summer fixture."

BURNHAM-ON-SEA GAZETTE:—"... who changed into a bathing costume, dived into the MATER and attached a rope to the car."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"We wish to see the League strengthened, not WAKENED."

H. BROOM, The World's Greatest P.C. Expert.

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

The Most Successful Course of all Time

Never in Physical Culture History have Results been Known to Equal These

BUILT by RESULTS ◈ PROVED by INDISPUTABLE FACTS

THE advertisements I have published recently have staggered the P.C. World. Time after time I have obtained results on the International Course which have never before been expected from a Course either in facts or figures.

Facts and figures, even in tabulated form, can be very boring, but in the undermentioned cases they are definitely startling; they must pull you up short and compel you to glance at them again with interest. The following, for example, tells a dramatic and sensational story . . .

FACTS AND FIGURES

I first proved the International Course on myself and added 3 st. to my own body-weight, which had stood still for 20 years, and 30 in. in development in one year.

I again proved the Course on my son Eric, who, at 16, is stronger than most men and winner of 15 medals.

My pupil, N. Bourne, defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years . . . and receives the Broom Silver Cup. I showed eight cases where the International Course had saved life—not my words, but thankful fathers, doctors and Press reports, etc. . . . **not luck, but results.**

I have figures in the shape of Accountants' certificates and a batch of 25,222 testimonials has been certified by the Editor of "Health and Strength," and Accountants. At the present time I have a bale of testimonials on the rail and I have been compelled to set up a room specially for the filing of testimonials. . . .

This Course also has the praise of its competitors. Mr. Ed. Aston gave me a wonderful testimonial, which I have published. . . .

95 per cent. of the pupils report satisfied after the first lesson alone, and the Course is the only one in the world WITH A REAL GUARANTEE (WRITTEN). Also my After-Sales Free Service is the LAST WORD in making the failure of the Course impossible.

The Broom International Course consists of six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit . . .

The Course really does give bulk in development . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to Chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test. . . . It's the Greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting. . . . This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee. . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course. **SENSATIONAL PHOTOS FREE. Write for "The International Way," FREE.**

SPECIAL OFFER, 30/- or 1/-Weekly

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

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H. BROOM,

BROOM HALL, 553, Holderness Rd., HULL

Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." It's the Turning Point in Your Career.

Here are a Few Testimonials Taken at Random from Thousands:

J. E. PEACH: Have increased all round with 6lb. increase in weight.

G. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.

E. Carrington: I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.

J. Shackle, Keighley: It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.

J. Farraly, Margate: Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.

J. T. Garrick: Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.

L. D. O. Lee Gledhill, Halifax: Increases 12 lb. in weight.

S. Oliver, Lincoln: Gains 1¾ in. chest, 1 in. on each bicep and 100 per cent. improvement.

R. G. Steadman, Ankeld: Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. biceps, 2 in. thigh and 3 in. calves.

L. Rose, Nottingham: Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep, 5 in. chest, 1½ in. neck, 2 in. forearm.

E. Harvey, Birmingham: Increases in 21 days 11 lb., biceps 1½ in., etc., etc.

W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield: Gained 4 lb. in weight, 2½ in. chest, 1 in. each bicep.

R. McNeff, North Kensington: I have not only gained huge measurements but robust health. Gained 7 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in. forearm.

L. D. Smith, Pinistow: I have spent over £30 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the results with you for 30/-.

C. W. Turner, Consett: In the past month I have put on another 2 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.

P. A. Strutman, London: I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st. in weight.

L. C. O. Weir, Bedford: I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.

B. Penn: Increases 1 st. and ¾ lb. and other measurements.

F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.

Gordon G. Long, Sittingbourne: Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1½ in., forearm 1½ in.

L. Peacock, Mirfield: Gained 7 lb. in weight and all-round increase.

C. H. Foster, Dagenham: Increased 21 in. . . . says the BEST COURSE IN THE WORLD.

W. H. Buttsin, Rotherithe: Increased 18 in. and 15 lb. in weight.

L. Graves, Bulwell: Increased 15½ lb. in weight and 24 in.

T. Toffee, Eastleigh: I have never possessed such a powerful concentration.

A. Walker, Droylsden: I have increased 10½ in. in muscular development.

E. Bruager, Southborough: I have gained 10 lb. in less than a month.

R. Blythe, Leeds: I have gained 6 lb. in weight and muscle.

D. V. Owens, Summerhill: 100 per cent. fit and increased 7 in.

C. J. Andrews, Akester: First month 8 lb. increase.

H. Bennett, Disley: Added 7 lb., chest 1½ in., biceps 1 in., etc., etc.,

Compare these results with those of other courses
WRITE for the INTERNATIONAL COURSE

READ WHAT THESE JOURNALS SAY:

The Editor of "Health and Strength" says: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been sent at these Offices, and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says: "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth . . . and Mr. Broom is to be congratulated on the amazing results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."

Editor of "Superman" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

Editor of "Boxing" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 5,607 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountant's Certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

In spite of all the above I have not yet started to give Readers proof.

See this marvellous Result of Training on the **INTERNATIONAL COURSE.**

To H. BROOM, 553, Holderness Road, Hull.

Please forward, without obligation, full literature of your International Course and photo prints of yourself and your son Eric to—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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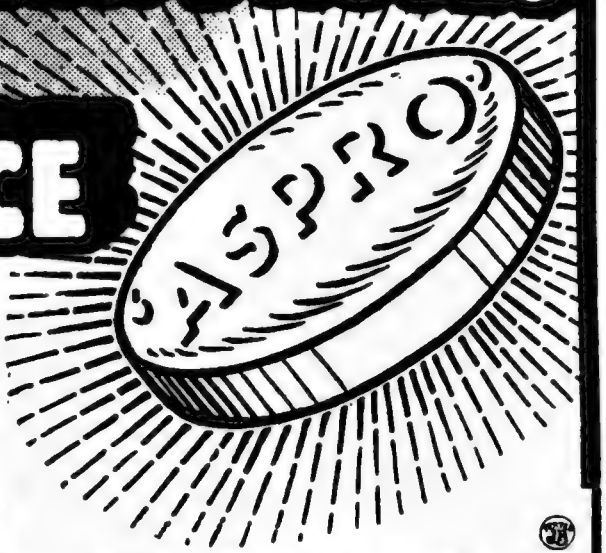
Please write in Block Letters. J.B. 3.

IT'S WHAT PEOPLE SAY THAT PROVES 'ASPRO' SERVICE



A Medicine either lives or dies by the reputation of its works. By its works 'ASPRO,' in a few short years, has become the universal pain-alleviating medicine of the world, welcomed by all and eulogised by all. We devote this advertisement to proof of 'ASPRO' claims by publishing letters from actual users. If you have any doubts about 'ASPRO' we ask you to read these letters. They are genuine—unsolicited, and express the views of users without bias or prejudice.

THESE LETTERS MAY SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS

HEAD PAINS GO

Mrs. L. K. writes from Bishops Waltham: "I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing these 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some, and he says he feels twice the man now."

'ASPRO' TRIUMPHS WHERE OTHER REMEDIES FAIL

24, St. Elmo Road, Egremont, Wallasey.

Dear Sirs,

For the past months, I have been a sufferer with neuralgia and sleeplessness. I have tried many remedies, but they all seemed to fail. Even ordinary aspirins helped but little.

A short while ago a friend advised me to try 'ASPRO,' which I did, with marvellous results. In future I shall never hesitate to recommend 'ASPRO.'

Sincerely yours,
D. A. OLDKNOW.

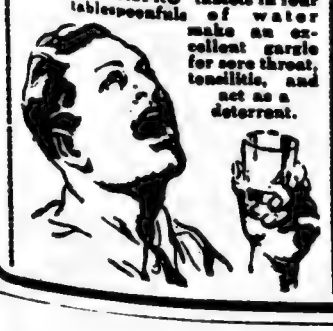
HEADACHES NO LONGER DREADED

Mrs. COLLINS, writing from 17, Howarth Street, Milltield, Sunderland, states:—

"I am writing to say how thankful I am for the 'ASPRO' tablets. I have suffered with headaches for years and many a time not being able to do my daily work for pains, until a few months back I was told to try 'ASPRO' by a friend. Now I would not be without them. I carry them in my handbag and have no dread of pains in the head. I have told my friends how wonderful 'ASPRO' is, so I wish you every success."

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.



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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority

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There's One Remedy

You don't need a cupboard full of ointments—even for a large family. Germolene alone does more than all the old-style remedies put together. It stops pain instantly, cleans wounds, starts rapid healing. *"I scalded my foot badly and it turned septic. I was crazy with pain. I sent for Germolene and in 4 days my foot was almost better and without a scar."*—Miss M. of Rotherham.

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No division of odds however many winners.

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Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race, in accordance with rules, will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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Rule I'd Add to the Highway Code

Of the hundreds of suggestions sent by readers nearly half concern cyclists

A RULE which, if added to the Highway Code, would to a great extent help to reduce accidents to cyclists is one compelling them to carry illuminated rear lamps after lighting-up time.

The value of this rule is obvious when one considers how difficult it is for a motorist at night, having dimmed his headlamps for passing traffic and perhaps dazzled by the latter, to see a cyclist, with no rear lamp, in front of him.—*"Two Wheels," Stockton-on-Tees.*

Costly Error

One banning the use, for advertising purposes, of any lighted sign likely to cause confusion in the minds of road users.

Motoring recently in a Northern city, I came across a green neon arrow, apparently pointing to a turning on my left. Knowing one-way traffic to be in force locally and taking the sign to be a directional signal, I took the route indicated, only to find myself in a prohibited street—an error which later cost me a £2 fine.

The arrow I afterwards discovered to be part of an advertising scheme.—*F. B. 5926, Somerset.*

Brighter Clothes

My rule would be addressed to the mothers of young children. It would urge them to dress their kiddies in brightly coloured clothing during dark evenings.

The healthy child is always prone towards darting irresponsibly across the road. How greatly minimised is the risk of injury if their clothing is of a hue easily picked up by the lights of a motor-car!

Nowadays, cloth is woven into a wide variety of different brightly coloured shades . . . a veritable armour against road injuries where children are concerned.—*L. J., Hanwell.*

Into Traffic's Path

I'd add a rule to prohibit the practice of allowing public vehicles to discharge passengers on the "off side."

Every morning when my tram reaches its destination the conductor, with a shout of "Front way off, please," hustles some fifty people right into the path of swiftly moving traffic.

Although knocked down and disabled for six weeks as a direct result of this senseless procedure, I could obtain no legal redress whatsoever.—*B. E. H., Gloucester.*

Wear Goggles

One of a band of cyclists, whose individual mileage is 3,000 yearly, and who all wear tinted glasses, I suggest compulsory wearing of such glasses, or goggles, as a precaution against midges and dust in the eyes.

No matter how zealous we may be in obeying the Code, Nature ignores it. A midge, an involuntary swerve, a passing vehicle, and the death-roll mounts.

The car driver has his windscreen. Is it too much to ask pedal and motor cyclists to fit themselves with eye-screens? — *W. R., Notts.*

Stringent

More dangerous than the road-hog is the doctor who leaves drugs and poison in his unattended car. The road-hog may kill one, two or even three people, but a parcel of poison. . . .

In view of the frequent reports of losses and thefts of poisons from doctors' cars, I would make a most stringent rule that "Any doctor found guilty of leaving poisons or drugs in unprotected cars on the highway shall be debarred from further practice and fined £1,000, or even imprisoned."—*S. E. S., Golcar.*

Only Just Enough!

I was travelling once in a motor coach, the driver of which was eating a sandwich. Suddenly he dropped it, his hand flew to the wheel, and he averted by inches a collision he should have missed by yards.

I have seen familiarity breed the same dangerous habit in countless motorists, so my additional rule to the Code would read: "For efficient driving, two hands are only just enough!"—*L. J., Brighton.*

Give a Sign

It should be made compulsory for pedestrians, before crossing the road at places other than "safety crossings," to signify their intention to oncoming traffic, in the same way that motorists have to indicate they are about to turn right or left.

The pause before stepping off the pavement caused by having to give this signal would be a safety measure in itself—and motorists would soon acquire the habit of looking out for these warnings.—*H. B., Hertfordshire.*

Diminish Danger

That at night pedestrians in country lanes or on main roads which are unlit should be compelled to wear broad white belts on which should be affixed a red reflector, both back and front.

These belts would serve the same purpose as the white mudguard and reflector on bicycles, and thus would diminish the danger of pedestrians being hit by cars travelling with dimmed lights, on account of other traffic.—*M. C., Penarth.*

Lower Still

The thirty-mile-an-hour limit is certainly a very good scheme, but it could, I think, be improved upon by a rule still further reducing it during rush hours.

During the three periods when workers are hurrying to and from their occupations there is a higher percentage of pedestrians injured than any other time of the day.

The introduction of this new rule, and also one compelling pedestrians to keep to the pavements, would, without doubt, record a substantial reduction in the road casualty figures.—*N. W., Wilts.*

Cross in Isolation

Unless incapacitated, one should not cross the road on the arm of another person. The middle of a thoroughfare is not the place for whispered confidences; nor is it certain that two or more minds will have a single thought to hurry in the same direction should traffic approach.

It is this parting of the ways which invites trouble. The oncoming driver is unnerved; the walkers, even if unmolested, get an unnecessary fright.

So the rule I'd add to the Highway Code would be: "Cross the road in isolation. The convoy system is more suitable for the high seas than the highway."—*"Walker," Lancs.*

Keep Them Out!

In these days of so many traffic problems, conditions are not improved by the introduction of gigantic eight-wheeled transport vehicles, and a rule I would like to be introduced is to the effect of banning all such types from travelling through towns during the busy hours of the day.

In many places thoroughfares were never built to cope with such huge transports, thereby resulting in numerous traffic blocks, which would otherwise be remedied by compelling them to travel at night.—*"Norman," Bath.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter" Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, September 17.

The Full Truth I'd Like Told

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on September 14

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Bolton v. Everton.
(2) CHELSEA v. Leeds.
(3) Huddersfield v. DERBY.
(4) LIVERPOOL v. Grimsby.
**(5) MANCHESTER C. v. Birmingham.
(6) Middlesbrough v. Brentford.
(7) Stoke v. SUNDERLAND.
(8) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Portsmouth.
(9) ARSENAL v. Wednesday.
*(10) ASTON VILLA v. Preston.
(11) BLACKBURN v. W.B. Albion.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Doncaster v. Bury.
(2) HULL v. Charlton.
**(3) NEWCASTLE v. Manchester U.
(4) Norwich v. Leicester.
(5) FOREST v. Swansea.
*(6) PLYMOUTH v. Fulham.
(7) SHEFFIELD U. v. Hotspur.
(8) Southampton v. BRADFORD.
(9) BARNSLEY v. Burnley.
(10) BLACKPOOL v. West Ham.
(11) BRADFORD C. v. Port Vale.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

**(1) C. PALACE v. Boscombe.
(2) Exeter v. Coventry.
(3) NEWPORT v. Cardiff.
(4) Northampton v. LUTON.
(5) Q.P. RANGERS v. Aldershot.
**(6) READING v. Gillingham.
(7) SOUTHEND v. Notts.
*(8) WATFORD v. Torquay.
(9) BRIGHTON v. Swindon.
(10) BRISTOL C. v. Millwall.
(11) Orient v. Bristol Rovers.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) LINCOLN v. Chester.
(2) MANSFIELD v. Darlington.
(3) New Brighton v. Stockport.
(4) ROCHDALE v. Southport.
(5) ROTHERHAM v. Halifax.
(6) WALSALL v. Chesterfield.
(7) WREXHAM v. Oldham.
(8) YORK v. Accrington.
*(9) BARROW v. Crewe.
(10) CARLISLE v. Tranmere.
(11) Hartlepools v. Gateshead.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) CELTIC v. Albion Rovers.
(2) Dundee v. Clyde.
(3) DUNFERMLINE v. Queen's Park.
(4) Hibernian v. RANGERS.
*(5) MOTHERWELL v. St. Johnstone.
(6) PARTICK v. Kilmarnock.
(7) THIRD LANARK v. Queen of South.
(8) Airdrie v. ABERDEEN.
(9) Arbroath v. HAMILTON.
(10) Ayr v. HEARTS.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—5 (*H*); Div. II.—8 (*A*); Southern Section—1 (*H*); Northern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish League—3 (*H*) would indicate Manchester City, Bradford, Crystal Palace, Barrow and Dunfermline.

"JOHN BULL'S" THIRD NATIONAL WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST

RECORD MUST-BE-WON FIRST PRIZE £1,000 AND OVER 1,000 CASH AND OTHER AWARDS

See article on page 5 and send Form below for full particulars.

CUT HERE

To THE MANAGER, "John Bull" National Window Display Contest, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me full details of "John Bull's" Third Free National Window Display Contest.

Name.....

Full Title and Address of Shop.....

.....

Nature of Business..... Date.....

Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp J.B. 14/9/35.

Cricketer's Tragic Death

Mr. HAROLD PILLING.

TRAGEDY entered suddenly into a cricket match played recently between two Lancashire church teams. Harold Pilling, of 13, Edward Street, Haslingden, Rossendale, Lancs, was batting when he was fatally injured by a ball which struck him behind the ear. The fatal ball broke to leg and "got up." The batsman slogged at it, but missed. After receiving the blow he was seen to move from the crease and speak to some of his team mates. Suddenly he threw up his arms and fell to the ground. Mr. Pilling was dead.

"JOHN BULL'S" £275 CHEQUE FOR WIDOW

Mr. Pilling was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and to his widow JOHN BULL has dispatched a cheque for £275. This amount includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

The cricket season has ended, but winter sports—football, hockey, and so on—involve risks just as great. JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift covers these risks with generous provision.

Moreover, JOHN BULL not only covers accidents on the playing fields, but the common dangers of everyday life—accidents in home and garden—accidents to children.

But that is not all.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood damage, and to pay benefits for Sickness (as specified), and is the ONLY paper to add a 10 per cent. bonus to all benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

Fill up the forms and get this great all-the-year-round protection FREE! Do it NOW.

"JOHN BULL"—the ONLY paper to pay FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and SICKNESS Benefits.

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Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 14/9/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 14/9/35

This week's "John Bull" Pen Coupon appears on page 2.

An increase in the DIGGER family

Flake smokers will welcome this new addition to the famous 'Digger' range of Empire Tobaccos. As always, the name is a guarantee of both the quality and the value.

PLAYER'S DIGGER FLAKE

MEDIUM

8D PER OZ

4° PER HALF OZ

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.35

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If so, you cannot afford to carry on without reading our 268-page Handbook. The book explains clearly and definitely many ways of carving out a successful career. Among other things, it explains the Services of our unique Appointments Department, outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Motor, Aero, Wireless, "Talkie" Eng., Building, etc., and gives details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., A.M.I.R.E., G.P.O., Matric., and all Exams. We alone Guarantee—"No Pass No Fee."

Whether you be an old hand or a budding apprentice, get this book to-day—FREE and POST FREE.

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It banishes every pain—Headaches, Neuritis, Sciatica, Backache, Rheumatism, etc. Cures a Cold as soon as it starts. Sold everywhere—3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

NEVER HARMS THE HEART

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs only 3/- at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The "Small Ads. Worth Watching"
on page 14.

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30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £850
SPLENDID FERRANTI £8·18·6 RADIO
SUITABLE FOR A·C or D·C MAINS
PRESENTED WITH EACH PRIZE OF OVER £3
£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
322
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of Solution containing one error more than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2

SUMMER is ending and the long dark evenings of autumn and winter will soon be upon us—is your home equipped with a modern Radio in readiness for them?

Feel in your pocket or look in your purse. Have you a spare thirty shillings there this week and every week, to spend exactly as you like? And is there as much as £500 to your credit at the bank, to draw upon as you will?

Let this week's great Pension, Cash and Radio Offer shower all these benefits on you, provided by an outright success at solving the amusing Crossword on this page!

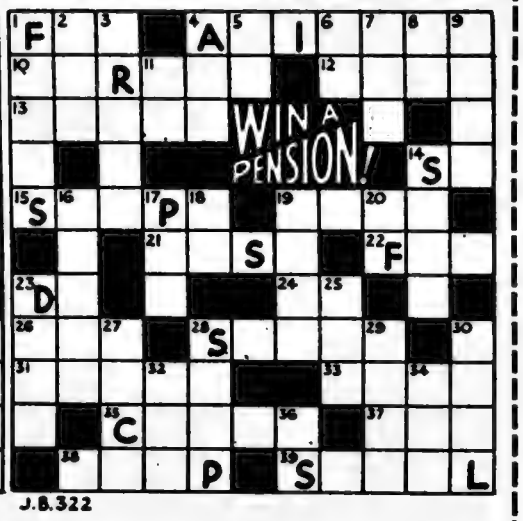
Notice, too, that with *any* prize over £3, which you win, "John Bull" will present the latest £8 18s. 6d. "Ferranti" Radio which you see above, a possession to revel in, for it will fill your home with entertainment for years to come.

Tackle the Clues with determination. You may produce a Solution that will bring you a First Prize Joy Wire, provided your entry is in by noon on Thursday, September 19.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. weekly and £500 in cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. An All-mains "Ferranti" Universal Radio Set will accompany each cash prize exceeding £3 in this Contest. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 26, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 3.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 322—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1935.

J.B.322



J.B.322

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

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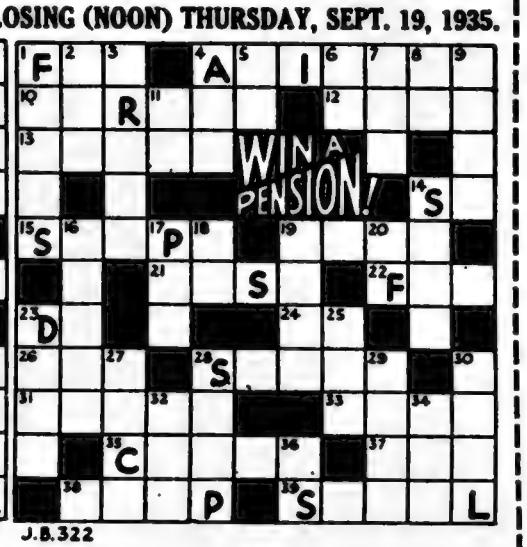

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In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 322, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

Free Help for X-word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address **Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.** or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 320.

Winners in Crossword No. 319 appear in page 25. Winners in Crossword No. 320 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 320 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

J.B.320

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These solutions regarding of the week's puzzle are only to be used for helping copies of your solutions.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. He's a bit of a dandy
4. Wild ones can be studied at Zoo
10. Take into custody
12. There's one of Man and one of Wight
13. Driver controls his horses by these
14. Both ends of sardines in cress
15. Take a pair of these to reach high shelf
19. Schoolmaster's sudden appearance may cause one
21. In addition
22. Chickens have to be protected against cunning one
23. Take inside out of doll.
24. End of well and half full
26. Goes well with white and blue
28. Dick Turpin did his work with
31. Quite ordinary
33. When last train's done this, you're landed
35. Grandmother's is old-fashioned one
37. By way of
38. There's good reason for baby wanting to do this
39. Peculiar one is often noticed at seaside.

DOWN

1. Lack of change is typical of these
2. Crude stuff found in core
3. Think too much of this and you'll be loser
4. Balaam's one is to be found in pass
5. Half rent in pants
6. Half mile in Miami
7. Frequently seen on rug before club fireplace
8. Beginning and end of lull
9. Unemployed eagerly does this about a job
11. Beginning of end
14. Soon taken off when pinch is felt
16. They're often put up to avoid slating
17. Good one softens hard knock
18. What slump starts with
19. You must act when you're in one
20. Take it from sift
23. Your power of hearing becomes affected by
25. Mind someone doesn't try to pull yours
27. Means Mussolini
28. Nickname for policeman—and invalid's food
29. Symbol of peace
30. Small one rarely contents big man
32. Pale or brown it's always beer
34. Just nothing
36. With is is kiss

J.B.322

J.B.322

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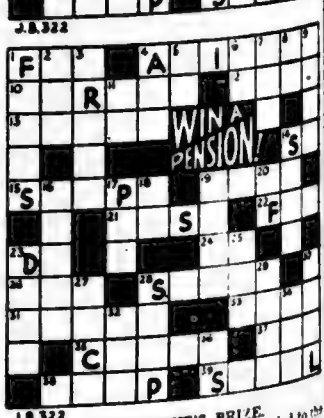


J.B.322

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the contest's First Prizewinner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 19, 1935.

2.—**In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 3, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 15, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

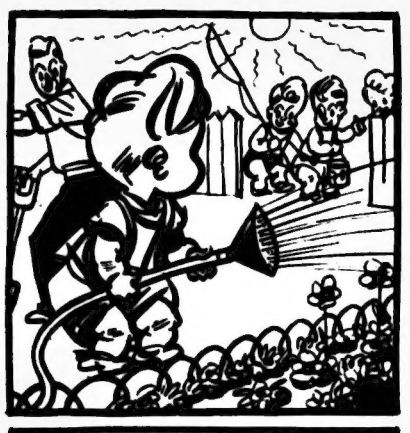
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

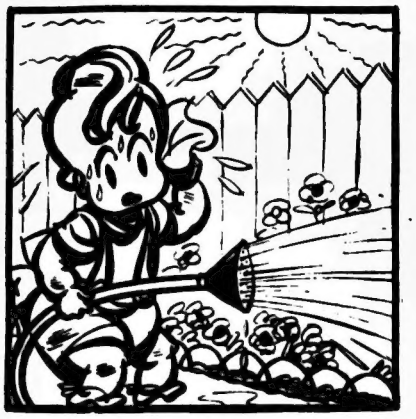
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

S. R. (Blackpool): "I always seem to have a weight on my chest when I try to doze off on the beach." So do we.

THE EDITOR Laughs Last





THE KID

HOME EXPERT (Derby).—"When there is a smell of burning proceeding from the kitchen something . . ." Must be done.

W. (Wembley).—"A peeled nose es any holidaymaker irritable." A point.

C. (Chatham).—"The tor examined me for 10s." he find it?

B. (Ashford).—"Can you s what cured me of eating raw onions?" Eating onions.

M. (Sutton).—"Some ages are in the habit of ning themselves with p thorns." We've been kberrying over here too.

D. (Gillingham).—"hat I say to my young ghter goes." In at one and out at the other?

H. (Clifton).—"How the average woman rd a secret?" Either as worth keeping or as too to be kept.

as. H. (Brixton).—"To p abreast of local gossip, ke all the local papers." n't you on speaking terms th the neighbouring men, then?

THLETE (Ripon).—"The e was so gruelling a race t the first three were e exhausted at the end it." You mean it was a athless finish?

L. (Iver).—"The first g to learn about swimg is to keep the mouth ed." How extraordinary that so many men can swim!

HRENOLOGIST (East Coast).—"I can rid of thirty clients in an hour." You bump them off.

H. (Havant).—"More fen land is to reclaimed." The idea is gaining und.

ORTER (Leeds).—"During the past ten rs I have never been on sick leave." dently you are never out of sorts.

"TEETOTALER" (Staines).—"What is difference between a bottle of whisky a bottle of poison?" About 11s. 6d.

OSSIP (London, W.).—"Most actors e their secrets." What we object to hat they will insist on muttering them one another when on the stage.

iss K. M. (East Ham).—"At my birthparty last week everything went on right until the tea was poured out." en people began to stir?

URIOUS (Sleaford).—"What is meant the expression 'to kick the gong und'?" It represents the ambition very motorist who has been gonged.

ILTED (Marlow).—"She was everything me until I found her being cuddled by best friend." Squeezed out by your ?

C. (Yarmouth).—"The thief who ke into my carpenter's shop stole all best files and planes." He took the gh with the smooth?

M. (Goole).—"After he had taken first three tricks, I realised that he cheating." Wasn't he playing the ds you dealt him?

G. (Oldham).—"Certain books can se a lot of harm if they fall into the nds of the inexperienced." Cookery ks, for instance.

ACK (St. Agnes).—"I was exploring e old mine workings with a friend, the rope broke and he was unable to me up." So you were in a hole.

W. T. (Chester).—"Do you know what hand-to-mouth existence really is?" Any youth growing his first ustache.

ATER (Greenwich).—"I already give son a good allowance, and am wonder- how I can give him a really good rt." Tell him you've stopped the owance.

MATEUR (Cambridge).—"Games are ellent if played for the love of them. I cannot agree with the professional ect." You consider that we should y for sport and not support?

OURED (Ingleton).—"Life is not worth ing. For years I have been sitting in office chair waiting for promotion, but thing seems to turn up." So you are ing still?

UCTIONEER (Manchester).—"My profes- n is becoming crowded out, sales are coming less and I really can't see how am to continue solvent longer." You dissatisfied with your lot?

. B. (Wolverhampton).—"Since I have en in business as a gramophone dealer ave never had such an assistant, for has broken practically everything aible in the shop." She has broken records.

W. M. (Norwich).—"Boxers are late risers." Generally after ten.

D. N. (Barnet).—"The strawberry is not the oldest fruit." There is, of course, the elderberry.

ERIC (Cookham).—"I always go on the river in a straw hat." Personally, we prefer a punt.

C. L. (Taunton).—"Nothing angers an Australian farmer more than when he has sheep stolen from his land." That *does* make him lose his wool.

R. M. (Bristol).—"When several boys go out hiking together, what do you generally find?" Girls.

F. J. R. (Worcester).—"Because of poor health, I had to close my watchmaking shop." You were run down, eh?

S. F. (Leeds).—"A prolific and versatile author I know weighs twenty-five stone." An all-round writer, eh?

P. N. (Manchester).—"A severe thunderstorm caused our open-air cricket dance to be cancelled." No ball!

C. H. S. (Newbury).—"What would you advise me to do in my greenhouse, which is in a very shady spot?" Sleep.

D. S. (Cromer).—"Can you guess what I have come to this seaside resort for?" A fortnight?

F. B. (Knebworth).—"What shall I do if my inventions don't work?" Then you'll have to.

FRANK (Heckmondwike).—"There are two things that prevent happiness in a marriage." Yes, a man and a woman.

K. A. G. (Crosby).—"Methods of putting out gorse fires are antiquated." But they take some beating.

NO MERCY (Rockingham).—"I'd put safe robbers in jail for a long, long time." Where they are safer still?

D. C. (Newport, Mon).—"I am the best player in the best team in the district." You certainly have some side.

R. E. (Woking).—"My wife and I, both keen gardeners, differ on one point only." Who should water the garden?

P. G (Brighton).—"Whatever could my friend have been thinking of to go off without paying his bill?" His bill.

E. B. (Truro).—"We settled our argument in a friendly way on the putting green." You sunk your differences?

S. K. V. (Hunts.).—"I find a holiday on a farm much more pleasing than a seaside one." You find new fields of interest.

R. M. (Epping).—"Just to amuse the rest of the office I was dressing up when the boss came in." And you got a dressing-down.

FRED (Perth).—"When a farmer caught me sunbathing on his land, he gave me a tanning." That's just what you were after, wasn't it?

CRICKETER (Buxton).—"A local plumber plays for our eleven, though he can't bat for toffee." But he should be unsurpassed as a slow bowler.

CAMPER (Letchmore Heath).—"I am not so keen on this open-air life—I can't shave properly for one thing." Then your razor is not so keen either.

DAD (Wimbledon).—"When my wife and I chased our schoolboy son for stealing jam, he was ultimately caught on the roof of the hen-coop." You got him on the run.

HELMET (Portsmouth).—"You can believe me when I say there are more kicks than halfpennies in deep-sea diving." No wonder you feel sore about it.

DORIS (Forest Hill).—"I couldn't count the proposals I have had this summer on the fingers of both hands." But can you count on the young men who made the proposals?

D. S. (Bexhill-on-Sea).—"When, after my wife had insisted that I wear my boater, the beach inspector told me it was the only one left in the whole resort, I felt like exploding." It was the last straw.

MOTHER (Hungerford).—"My daughter, aged fourteen, has become very keen on club swinging. I'm not overstruck with the idea." You'll have to keep out of the way, or it won't be the idea that will strike you.

R. E. C. (Putney).—"What do you think of my suggestion for *Bullets* No. 1,000?" Well, it's come in good time for No. 2,000. What do you think of that £5,000 and Unlimited Gifts in our Celebration Contest on pages 38 and 39?

MISS FOSTER (Sheffield).—"Youngsters are more courteous than adults. A schoolboy offered me his seat in the 'bus the other day, but so-called 'gentlemen' didn't." Well, all boys respect anyone who holds a strap

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

About Your Indigestion

. . . Is your trouble

Diagram of Stomach, Intestines and Heart.

HERE Painful distension of the stomach by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

HERE Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

or HERE Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the lining of the duodenum. Agonising gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly afterwards.

De Witt's Antacid Powder **Firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly the Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

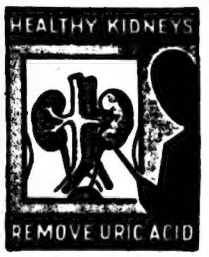
Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price **1/6**

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

WEAK KIDNEYS

If everyone realised how vitally important to general health was the natural, healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief among them being uric acid.

If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly, the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness, and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. Or the crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, and give rise to gravel, stone or chronic inflammation.



De WITTS PILLS MAKE YOUR KIDNEYS HEALTHY

Kidney weakness, which can be easily recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, should be treated at once with De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements in De Witts Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within 24 hours. Ordinary pills do not penetrate to the seat of the trouble—so insist on genuine De Witts Pills in the blue and gold packet. Price 3/-, or the larger, more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS

BRAND

KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

COLOSSAL 'BULLETS' 1,000th OFFER!

3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£6 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £1,000 CASH PLUS £1,000 FULLY PAID LIFE POLICY

Issued by leading Insurance Company, this will guarantee £1,000 at holder's death to provide for dependants

...OR ONE COLOSSAL LUMP SUM OF £3,500

WIN "JOHN BULL'S" MONSTER PENSION, FORTUNE AND LIFE POLICY for 2, 3 or 4 words!

IN your hands at this moment you may be holding the First Prize coupon in *Bullets* historic 1,000th Contest!

Yes, a few simple words linked to one of the 48 *Examples* provided can speedily make you rich for life, supply all the extra comforts and luxuries you have dreamed of and provide security for your dependents as well, sweeping away all anxiety about the future.

Think what it would mean to you to receive a £6 cheque from JOHN BULL every week for the rest of your life, to possess a £1,000 fortune with which to buy a house or a business—and to know that your dependants are provided for by a fully paid £1,000 Life Assurance Policy!

Besides this monster First, *Bullets* sensational 1,000th Offer brings you no fewer than 1,000 opportunities to secure a cash reward of anything from 10s. up to £200—and 20,000 attractive minor prizes complete this staggering list of Celebration Awards.

Finally, as a lasting and valuable memento of this historic 1,000th Contest, JOHN BULL has arranged for an unlimited supply of 3s. 6d. "Dictionaries of *Bullets*" to be available, one free and post paid for each entrant who qualifies as directed on the opposite page.

Remember this. You cannot be the winner of our colossal 1,000th First Prize, secure any of the 21,000 other awards, or qualify for a free "Dictionary of *Bullets*" unless your entry is in by Saturday, September 28.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet* worthy of to-day's huge 1,000th First Prize is merely a matter of using a little imagination, with plenty of care and common sense.

Here is your simplest way to go to work. Read carefully through the list of *Examples* and jot down all the ideas that strike you in close connection with them. No matter how clumsy these first rough comments may be, write them down. No precious stone looks valuable until polished, and any of your rough jottings may polish up into a gem of a *Bullet*.

Now a completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, aptly fitting the *Example* used and clear in meaning. But remember, as you whittle down your rough ideas and smooth their jagged edges, that you must seek unusual phrasing for your efforts, or they may clash with other competitors' *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, you had paused to consider what you could say about the *Example* BECAUSE OF SONNY; the thought of threatened war might flash into your mind and down might go your scribbled comment, *I'm Opposed To All Wars*.

A few minutes' further thought might lead you to another idea, *House Never Seems Peaceful*. Then, with a little careful selection of words, you could easily combine both ideas in the finished *Bullet*, BECAUSE OF SONNY—I APPRECIATE "PEACE" MORE.

To help you further in the knack of juggling with words to produce good *Bullets*, study closely the varying styles of the successful efforts in our 996th Contest, published below. Notice how neatly their simple words are arranged and how closely each effort is linked to its *Example*.

These prize *Bullets* will prove yet again that it is well within your power to turn out a winner yourself. So tackle these 1,000th Contest *Examples* with confidence, enter on the coupons provided and see that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, September 28.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

TO MAKE PEACE
BRITAIN DEMANDS
HARD CASH
ONE IN A THOUSAND
MY VOTE
FLAMES OF WAR
DANCING
IN LIFE'S CARNIVAL
ALL NATIONS WANT
POOR WELCOME
ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY
GOING FAST
WONDERFUL RECORD
SHE'S A MOTHER, SO
MAN TO TRUST
WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE
ELECTION SPEECHES
LIKE A SEARCHLIGHT
"HURRAH!"
BECAUSE OF SONNY
ON THE WATCH
UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS
FOR HIS COUNTRY
DRIVER MUSSOLINI
PROLONGING THE AGONY
IN HOSPITAL
HER MEMORY
GOOD NAME
GOLD
SAVE YOUR MONEY AND
EMPTY LARDER
ALL THE WAY
WHEN DAD RETIRES
FAITH
IN TRUTH'S MIRROR
BOY AND GIRL
WASTED YEARS
WE LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN
CARELESS PEDESTRIAN
IN DISTRESS
FIGHTING THE WORLD
WIFEY'S MENDING
IN THE FIRELIGHT'S GLOW
LIARS
FAMILY TIES
IF GENEVA FAILS
BLACK OUTLOOK
BEYOND THE HORIZON

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 996

First Prize—£600 and extra privilege as announced

Mrs. I. COATES, 90, Grierson Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E.

Example: WHEN THE VICAR CALLS
Bullet: MOTHER STRENGTHENS *His* "FAITH."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

J. LOWEY, 73, Great Newton Street, Liverpool.
Example: What He's Worth
Bullet: Cupid Doesn't Care Twopence.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

A. V. MEAD, 19/5, Avenue, Walkerville, Catterick Camp, Yorks.
Example: Clouds Of Smoke
Bullet: City's "Roof"—And "Foundation."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: H. STANLEY, 35, Netherthorpe Street Sheffield.
Facing Ruin—Everybody I Meet, Nowadays!

£18: C. WARD, 33 Ferndale Grove, Frizinghall, Bradford
Mussolini—War Staining, Star Waning.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: J. L. HOLT, Wood Cottage, Forest Gate Lane, Delamere Cheshire.
Picnic Party—In "Hope's Graveyard," Geneva.

£14: R. McCRACKEN, 23, The Crescent, Sandy Hill Road, Birmingham.
At Our Flower Show—Judges "Cultivated," Then "Cut."

£12: J. L. ATTWOOLL, 30, Lorne Road, Southsea.
Mussolini—*Offender* Ordering "*Referees*" Off.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: S. G. REDDIE, Chulmleigh, Devon.
Like Clockwork—Drilling—Soon, "Hour Striking."

£9: H. GOOD, 5, Albemarle Street, Harwich.
Going To War—Good-bye, Unemployment! Good-bye, *Prosperity*.

£8: J. E. EVANS, 37, George Street, Tamworth.
He's A Husband So—Bosses House? Houses "Boss"!

£7: D. J. SHANAHAN, 3, Hillside, Plymouth.
Mussolini Ex-schoolmaster—His "Education" Coming

£6: G. A. GREEN, 4 Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.
He's A Husband, So—'Sat" On—"Stood" By.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£5: E. C. ROSSITER, 23, Lincoln Street, Cymmer.
Picnic Party—Later Tasted *Farmer's* "Tongue."

£4: C. E. SCOTT 46, Hucknall Road, Nottingham.
Bit Of A Breeze—*Prevented* Gossip About.

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

Mrs. E. G. BLAKE 8, Dalston Terrace, Salisbury.
What He's Worth—Unknown—Wife's Still Shopping!

Mrs. M. BENNETT, 3, Regent Avenue, St. Helens.
Now Sonny's Engaged—Soap Coupons Supplying—Hair-brushes!

J. IRWIN, Junr., 85, Stansfield Street, Blackburn.
Lighting His Cigar—Sweetheart—Burning Pipe, Wife.

J. KAVANAGH, Newtownkelly, Coalisland, Co. Tyrone.
Going To War—League Members—League, "Embers."

H. A. KENYON, 112, Beaufort Street, Nelson.
Beyond Words—Remorse—Beyond Recall, "Words."

Mrs. F. LAWREY, St. Columb, Cornwall.
On The Line—Excursionists "Hung Up" *Dry*.

M. A. LEE, 147, Spring Road, Ipswich.
Picnic Party—Lawyers', On "Disputed Estate."

C. S. MARTIN, Church Street, Grantham.
At Our Flower Show—Drought Apparent—Rain Ceaseless!

Mrs. M. OATES 56 St. James Street, Penzance.
When The Vicar Calls—He's Infernally Informally Forma

H. SCANLAN, 120, Kirkbank Street, Oldham.
As Mrs. Smith Said—"What's *Mrs.* Mussolini Doing?"

A list of 25 £2 10s., 50 £2, 100 25s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for whi... in the opinion of the judges ... consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit ... the test ... cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order ... be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each ... made ... This must be made payable ... John Bull ... crossed & Co.. Entrants ... address ... date of posting must be ... Postal Order, the number of which must be noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons ... not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision ... matter ... dispute arising in connection ... this ... tion must be accepted as ... and legal ... ing in all respects and ... of the ... is an express condition of ... Limited, Odhams Press Ltd. and their ... eligible.

The original cheque for £... received by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 995 will be displayed in the window of Mr. White, Newsagent, Heywood Road, Prestwich.

HOLIDAYS FOR NEEDY FAMILIES.

As offered in connection with "Bullets" No. 993, the First Prize-winner has selected 10 needy families to receive £5 Holiday Cheques and these have been duly despatched.

PRIZES VALUE Over £5,000

1,000 OTHER FINE CASH PRIZES none less than 10/-

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10,000 SPECIAL 2-IN-1 CELEBRATION PRIZES | 10,000 EXTRA NEW RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

"BULLETS" DICTIONARY OF "BULLETS"
FREE
HOW TO SECURE YOUR
3/6 GIFT
TO all who qualify as directed "John Bull" will present post free on Thursday, October 17, this unique and valuable Dictionary of "Bullets"—not a mere collection of words, but of prize "Bullets" for years past, alphabetically arranged according to subjects, with over 10,000 REFERENCES.
You have simply to enter 10 "Bullets" for the 1,000th Celebration Contest, either on 5 ordinary or prize coupons. Enclose GIFT VOUCHER LABEL below, duly filled up with name and address as on your 5 "Bullets" Coupons and your GIFT DICTIONARY will arrive post free on Thursday, October 17
YOUR ONLY OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE THIS PRESENTATION!
OFFER CLOSES SAT. SEPT. 28
PRIZES AND GIFTS TO ABOVE THURS. OCTOBER 17
1000

ENCLOSE YOUR **VOUCHER** LABEL BELOW

AVAILABLE ONLY IF CUT OUT AND ENCLOSED WITH 5 COUPONS FOR "BULLETS" 1,000TH CONTEST

CUT ALONG HERE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,000) Closing SAT., Sept. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,000) Closing SAT., Sept. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,000) Closing SAT., Sept. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. with 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,000) Closing SAT., Sept. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,000) Closing SAT. Sept. 28.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON FOR FREE "BULLETS" AID

Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

Affix 1½d. Stamp here.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BOOK POST—WITH CARE

NAME _____

FULL ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

If undelivered, return to sender, 30 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,000, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

My Wife's Case was Almost Hopeless

Taken Ill—Severe Head Pains

NOTHING GAVE RELIEF

At Last in Sheer Desperation We tried

"Yeast-Vite"

Now on the Road to Complete Recovery!

Read below how a schoolmaster learned of the wonder-working powers of Yeast-Vite—how it restored his wife's health when her case seemed almost hopeless.

"My wife's case was almost hopeless." Six words—but what a heart-rending picture they conjure up... the suffering wife... so ill... so absolutely racked with terrible head pains and vomiting that her life must have seemed a very purgatory of pain.

And the distracted husband . . . daily—**hourly**—having to watch his wife suffer . . . powerless to help . . . finding that nothing he gave her would do her any good... knowing in his heart that her case was "almost hopeless."

YEAST-VITE TRIUMPHS.

At last, to use his own words, he turned "in sheer desperation" to "Yeast-Vite"—called upon the aid of the World's Wonder Tonic to help him when all else had failed.

AND YEAST-VITE TRIUMPHED! Daily his despair turned to joy . . . his spirits rose as he watched his wife climb step by step to freedom . . . become her old self again . . . completely restored to health!

No wonder this grateful husband writes to thank "Yeast-Vite" for the wonders it performed! To-day we publish his letter and urge every suffering person to read it and ACT UPON IT.

Not only to those in PAIN does Yeast-Vite bring its unequalled blessings.

—To the Weak and Weary it brings new strength and energy.

—To the Stomach sufferer it brings new appetite, new enjoyment of food.

—To the Nerve Racked and despondent it brings new life and confidence.

—To the Sleepless and Exhausted it opens up a new vista of happiness.

For Yeast-Vite is Life. Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the Age.

It is so successful because each and every tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae), Vitamins (especially Vitamin B), and other valuable tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

Extracts from Schoolmaster's Letter.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must let you know how my wife has benefited from your Yeast-Vite Tablets. A short time ago she was taken ill and complained of severe head pains. Soon these became so serious that the Doctor feared meningitis. Nothing she took gave her any relief—indeed everything made her vomit. At last in sheer desperation we tried your Tablets. She has now regained much strength and is on the road to complete recovery.

I do not exaggerate when I say that her case was almost hopeless, so you can think how glad I am.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. E.

P.S.—I am a school teacher and I should be pleased to distribute for you some samples of your Tablets among the children's parents.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES" -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
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NO CURE NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full.

Yeast-Vite BRAND

QUICK TONIC TABLETS. *Sold Everywhere.* **3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-**

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